

# This Week

M A G A Z I N E

The Dallas Morning News

MAGAZINE SECTION

JUNE 22 1947



JOAN FONTAINE: SHE HAS CAUGHT UP AT LAST. SEE PAGE 23



**"THE KING'S  
IN THE  
CLOSET!"**

UN's Second Birthday  
See Page 4



WORDS TO LIVE BY



## TAKE IT EASY

by Walter B. Pitkin

"The most useful virtue is patience."

—John Dewey

**M**R. PITKIN, author of "Life Begins at Forty," says: In this atomic age, at the gray dawn of One World, patience is more useful than ever before. It is the supreme modern virtue. Those who practice it succeed and grow happy. Those who flout it come to early grief.

Life grows more and more complex. We have to deal with more and more people and things in planning our affairs. But that's an added reason why we should

learn to relax and take time out for quiet thinking. This is a high-speed age, with many choices; but the faster we move, the surer it is that haste makes waste.

So master patience more thoroughly than ever before. Teach the young to be patient. Then we shall have around us fewer failures and fewer frustrated souls who have overlooked the best experiences of life in their haste to win some short-lived and trifling pleasure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD M. LAMBERT

## Sidelines

**REPORT:** An ultra-smart progressive school in New York rejected a prospective young student, aged five, and sent the mother an explanation: "Very sweet little girl but not sophisticated enough."



**EYEFUL.** The latest information on ladies' bathing suits is that they are now being made out of gantron. This is a fabric that was developed during the war and used by the air forces. Gantron colors are 10 times more brilliant than ordinary cloth colors, and when a flyer wore gantron he had that much better chance of being spotted and picked up if he crashed.

It is estimated that a girl wearing a gantron bathing suit can be seen up to two miles away on a sunny day. However, there is no official estimate on her chances of being ricked up.



**ASTRONOMICAL.** Here's a dubious UN story that we hesitated to use in our UN article on Page 4. It seems a British delegate decided to go see the Brooklyn Dodgers one afternoon. In the first inning each team scored a run, and two "1's" were posted on the scoreboard. From then on it was a tight game — two long strings of zeros went up on the board. Along about the tenth inning, the Englishman had to leave to attend a committee meeting, and on the way out of the park, a little boy accosted him. "Hey, mister, what's the score now?"

"God bless me," he said, "I lost all track — it's way up in the millions!"

## This Week Magazine

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

WILLIAM L. NICHOLS, Editor

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Cover by Bud Ffraker

Names and descriptions of all characters in fiction stories and semi-fiction articles in this magazine are wholly imaginary. Any name which happens to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.





**Libby's**  
**Deep-Brown Beans**  
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Richer in flavor. . . Tender thru and thru !

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**FOR REAL ROUND THE CLOCK REFRESHMENT. . .**

## Libby's **TWICE-RICH\*** Tomato Juice



**\*RICH IN VITAMINS \*RICH IN FLAVOR**

Whether it's a top o' the morning drink, a hot-afternoon pick-up, or a dinner appetizer—a chilled glass of Libby's rich-ripe tomato juice is always a real refresher!

And Libby's is a vitamin-rich drink! It's rich not only in the Vitamin C you expect from your breakfast juice, but it's rich, too, in precious Vitamin A! And besides this, Libby's sparkling juice is a ready source of Vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub>!

For real refreshment 'round the clock, keep a good supply of Libby's Twice-Rich Tomato Juice "on ice."

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY  
Chicago 9, Ill.

IN ALL CANNED FOODS  
LOOK TO **Libby's**  
FOR PERFECTION





It was a major crisis  
for UN's Hotel Section

## "THE KING'S IN THE BROOM CLOSET!" by Charles D. Rice



**HEAD MAN** Trygve Lie had his housing troubles, was beaten to a home by one of his assistants

LEO ROSENTHAL

"No, no, this cannot be!" spluttered a foreign voice over the telephone. "This must not be! They have thrown the King into the broom closet!"

The frenzied call came into the UN Hotel Section, an agency whose duty it is to scare up hotel rooms for incoming delegates. A harassed UN official grabbed his hat and made for the hotel. He found that the rumor was slightly exaggerated, but that the management had indeed assigned the son of an Eastern potentate to a room which, though not literally a broom closet, was small enough to be mistaken for one.

This was at a time when hotel rooms were so scarce that guests thought themselves lucky to sleep under a rubber plant in the lobby. But by a special black magic, known only to the UN Hotel Section, the official managed to find a suitable room for "the King," and thereby averted an international incident.

The United Nations will be two years old this Thursday. During its short and stormy life, it has been beset by a host of world problems. But the smaller, inter-organizational headaches seldom see the light of day. This backstage world is a sort of scale model of the great outside world that UN is trying to

**The UN will be two years old this week. Here is an inside story of the laughs and headaches backstage at a great world drama**

unite. Its difficulties are often merely amusing, but sometimes they seem just as perplexing as the Palestine Question itself. UN officials need all the diplomacy they can muster — and their own household problems give them some good practice.

### 40 Rooms, 60 Delegates

THE Hotel Section and the Housing Division bear the brunt of the headaches. For instance, the Hotel Section gets a cable that 60 delegation members from South America will land in New York on Wednesday. How do you find 60 hotel rooms on a moment's notice? You beg, bargain, threaten and cajole, and finally corral 40, which means you must double up some of the members. The inevitable result is that a lady and gentleman occasionally get assigned to the same room. This calls for a reshuffling all around until propriety reigns.

Even when a list of names is sent along

with a request for rooms, it is often hard to decide which is one sex and which the other. First names like Stane, Toufik, Najmuddin, Nushi and Shushi are practically no help at all.

Recently the sex problem reared its head in an amusing manner. Somehow Dame Rachel Crowley, an eminent British dowager, got bundled into a room with a young man named Tomlinson. She phoned the Section and gently complained. She said she realized that they were working under a heavy strain, but her predicament was especially embarrassing because of her official capacity. Dame Rachel, it seemed, headed up the **International Bureau for the Suppression of Traffic in Women**.

The Hotel Section's task is all the harder because few UN people can afford to live in regal splendor. Most are ordinary citizens who must watch their pocketbooks, and New York's steep hotel prices are pretty dismaying. One delegate cabled the Section for a



suite, said money was no object. He got the only suite available in the whole city, a swank affair that cost a mere \$65 per day. The delegate was delighted — until the first bill came in. He immediately called the Section people, who reminded him that he had said money was no object. "So I did," he moaned. "But, gad, I meant ten or fifteen dollars, you know!"

The wealthy Saudi Arabian delegates are one group who don't have to worry about high hotel expenses. During their stay at the Waldorf Astoria, the management considered them extremely desirable guests. Not only were they very quiet, but because of their religion they did not even smoke or drink. Strangely, when the Saudi Arabians first arrived, they were a bit upset because UN officials told newspaper reporters where they were staying. It is hard to understand how they expected to keep their whereabouts secret for long, since they walked about the hotel in white sheeting and headaddresses.

The UN Housing Division has problems that even surpass those of the Hotel Section. The Housing Division's job is to find rooms, apartments or houses for the some 2,000 office workers who are stationed at Lake Success. In the midst of a national housing shortage, this is a gigantic undertaking, but so far, no UN worker has been forced to sleep on a park bench.

#### Thermometer Trouble

Most workers are settled in and around Great Neck, Long Island, handiest town to Lake Success. In general they have become accustomed to American life, but the Housing Division is always running up against the unpredictable. Last winter there was an epidemic of complaints about furnaces. "We have the thermostat way up to thirty," home-renters would say, "but the house, it is freezing cold." Housing officials soon uncovered the trouble. In Europe the Centigrade thermometer is used instead of the Fahrenheit. In the Centigrade system, zero is freezing, 100 is boiling, and a comfortable room temperature is about 24 degrees.

Because of differences in language and customs, some UN folk get into complicated situations with landlords. One Latin American presented the Housing Division with a long document that he'd concocted with his landlady. It read in part:

"The house . . . must be kept with decorum and order. Single beds shall not be used by more than one person. I have been told by the landlady that the fact written on the back of a receipt given to me by her has no bearing on the amount paid for but for warning purposes because of my children, having told her that my wife who I was expecting back from a trip abroad would perhaps bring along her mother and somebody else who would have to be accommodated. I had decided that four should sleep in a double bed crosswise.

I do understand that for several reasons I have not got the right to lock the landlady out."

The Housing Division threw up its hands in despair at such a contract. Nevertheless, it has proved an excellent instrument — the tenant and landlady get along beautifully.

The housing problem is, of course, not limited to the lesser lights of UN. Even Trygve Lie, the Secretary General, had to run the gauntlet recently. Mr. Lie gathered a number of realty listings and drove off with one of his advisors to look them over. The third house completely took his fancy. "This is splendid," he said. "Exactly what I need."

The advisor cleared his throat nervously. "To tell you the truth," he murmured, "I bought it myself this morning."

Mr. Lie and his staff, incidentally, have their share of headaches, since most of UN's perplexing mail passes through the Secretary General's office. So far the UN has received well over a hundred musical compositions dedicated to its well-being. They range all the way from solemn anthems and marches down to lighter items such as "UN, I Love You," and "The UN Waltz." These are all carefully filed away, but it is doubtful that UN will ever adopt an official song.

#### Opening Number?

LAST October, a dance team from Brooklyn offered to open the General Assembly with an act on top of a 60-foot pole. They pointed out that their repertoire would include "dances of many nations." The Secretary General's office declined the offer, explaining that it just so happened the President of the United States planned to open the Assembly — though not on top of a pole.

Many letters are well-meant and, therefore, difficult to answer. A perfectly sincere lady writes in asking UN to adopt measures that will insure humane treatment of animals the world over. A Midwestern farmer writes that his house has burned down and he needs help. Such people obviously do not understand the scope of the organization.

On the other hand, there are the frankly zany letters. A lady insists that all the delegates must become vegetarians before world peace can be assured. A man claims he is emperor of several Western states and that UN owes him four years' back salary.

The protocol section is another branch of the UN that has its exacting problems. Among other duties, it is supposed to give advice about seating arrangements at diplomatic functions. This is harder than it sounds because there is no precedent. Protocol officials generally solve the problem by seating delegates according to the alphabetical order of their countries. But this system has to be carefully manipulated, or Afghanistan delegates would always be getting the seats of honor and Yugoslavs would be forever stuck out next to the coat closet. So the alphabet is sometimes worked backward, and sometimes started at the middle and split out in two directions.

#### A Place to Work

THE attendance problem is the protocol section's biggest headache. "We plan a reception for ninety-five delegates," they sigh, "and then suddenly an important committee meeting is called, and only half a dozen are able to come to the reception. It's hard to explain things to a hostess when she's laid out places for ninety-five and only six show up!"

Yes, it is no doubt very hard. But it only goes to show that of all the jobs at the UN, the delegate himself probably has the toughest. He is driven from pillar to post all his waking hours by meetings, reporters, lobbyists, visitors, committees, conferences and telephone calls.

Dr. Jan Masaryk, chairman of the Czechoslovakian delegation, recently told a friend that he once almost despaired of getting any important work done. "Then I discovered the secret of success," he said. "Whenever I had a vitally important subject to discuss with someone, I invited him into the bathroom of my suite and locked the door. It's the only place I know of where world problems can be settled without interruption."

The End



HENRY VALLEY

**CZECH DELEGATE** Masaryk found a new place to conduct diplomatic sessions



INTERNATIONAL

**SAUDI ARABIANS** are quiet, don't drink or smoke, make ideal hotel guests



LEO ROSENTHAL

**TUNED IN.** Spectator uses a prime gadget: instant-translation earphones





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAGANO

**FLEXIBLE:** Neutra's design is an "interlocking" one, instead of the usual box. It lends itself to easy placement on almost any plot

# THE CHANGING HOUSE

by Richard J. Neutra

A world-famous architect designs an adaptable, indoor-outdoor house for our Parade of Homes



**INTERIOR:** The master bedroom (front) has a small bay in the corner next to the bath for desk work, letter-writing, filing. Costs are held down by eliminating basement, putting utility space next to the kitchen. Living-room doors give outdoor feeling.

**T**HIS is a ready-for-anything house, adaptable to almost any living requirements. In creating it, we have tried to make the plan flexible enough to permit all kinds of modifications because of your own personal requirements, the orientation, the limitations of your site, and climate.

In order to do that, we discarded the orthodox "box" design. Instead, we used this "interlocking" plan which is much easier to work with if you want to save a beautiful shade tree on your plot, set up an outdoor terrace or have a play yard for the children.

One of the most important interior features is the master bedroom, which has been so laid out that parents have a private living room. They have seclusion, but they're close to the children's headquarters.

We have made it easy to separate the dining area from the kitchen or living room. If you like, the dining space can merge with the living room, to be cut off when you want by a colored plastic or spun-glass curtain. And the dining area can become a sewing or recreation room when it's not being used for meals.

The children's room can easily be subdivided into two parts, each with its own closet. A double-decker bunk in one half will take care of small guests overnight.

We designed the living room so that doors open out to a terrace to give you the advantages of sun and good weather. And notice the service yard on the left. If you don't want to spend the money to build a detached garage, and if the climate permits, you can use that service space for a "carport" by extending your roof. Incidentally, the gentle, natural slope of the roof makes for easy drainage.

The design of the roof has a great deal to do with the attractive appearance of the house. This kind of "sealed roofing" eliminates the old-fashioned inclines and gables — and the maintenance problems which used to annoy our grandparents.

We hope that "conservatives" as well as "progressives" will like our Changing House. It opens up the home to sun and view — and yet it gives privacy and shading. It is

designed for easy, simplified house management and maintenance. And, most important, it creates indoor-outdoor spaciousness within a limited floor area.

*Merrill Hutchinson, creator of our Parade of Homes, prepared the models on this page from plans especially made for THIS WEEK.*



Richard J. Neutra



# Lily And The Blackmailer

BY ELLEN GATTI

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

**She was having breakfast in her hotel room when the man popped in and kissed her. What happened then was more than he bargained for**

## A Short Story

JASON THORNDYKE bent and kissed his wife, Lily, tenderly. "Why don't you stay in bed today and have a good rest," he suggested. "Get rid of that cold. I'll be tied up straight through the day. Dinner, probably, too. But I'll get back as soon as I can."

Lily stirred sleepily, and ran her fingers lightly down his freshly-shaven cheek. It was disappointing that he mightn't have dinner with her, but this was the first business trip on which she had ever accompanied him and she was bound to be a good sport or bust.

"Don't give me a thought, darling," she said cheerily. "I'll just take a peek at Chicago. But I'll have a good rest too."

This trip, in fact, had not progressed auspiciously. Lily, who never caught cold, had managed to pluck one from the Twentieth Century on the journey out from New York. The hotel had mixed up their reservations, and could only give them one room instead of the promised two. Lily and Jason were not accustomed to sharing a bedroom. It made Lily nervous. Furthermore, no sooner had she composed herself for slumber, than she began to cough.

Jason had a heavy day ahead of him. Lily couldn't bear to keep him awake. So she'd lie rigid, suppressing the devilish cough till her veins stood out like whips. Then, burrowing under the covers, she'd utter a series of sharp staccato barks. Jason would moan sepulchral and thresh about.

Now, at the hideous hour of eight-fifteen, Jason was off to an early appointment, and Lily was wide awake. She was also, she discovered, ravenous. With a philosophic sigh, she raised herself on an elbow, lifted the receiver and asked for room service.

"I'm sorry," the girl on room service said apologetically, when she had taken Lily's order, "it'll be about forty minutes. We're terribly rushed this morning."

Lily gave a philosophic snort. One thing she liked, the moment she opened her eyes, was her breakfast. However, she rose, dutifully showered, donned a sky-blue peignoir afoam with lace, and adopted a resolutely festive air.

The breakfast table, when it was finally borne in, looked attractive. Lily settled herself, sipped her orange juice slowly and read the newspaper headlines. She poured a cup of coffee, observed that the bacon was crisp, and reached for the buttered toast. Absently she fumbled with the cover—then gave a sharp exclamation of impatience.

It was a round metal cover with a hole in the middle, and it fitted over an ordinary china plate. It fitted, alas, too well, having apparently riveted itself to the plate with a death grip; no amount of tugging, twisting or prying would budge it.

"But this is simply idiotic," Lily said to herself. "It'll take another forty minutes to get a waiter here. And I'll not have my breakfast without toast."

Perhaps she might catch a waiter in the corridor, or a maid who'd know how to grapple. So, extending the plate of toast belligerently before her, she flung open the door and peered out. As if it had been waiting there in ambush, a hand snatched the plate, a large form blocked the doorway, and Lily instinctively stepped back.

With incredible swiftness the man was in the room, and had closed the door behind him. "What's the trouble, lady?" he asked.

"I can't get the cover off. It's stuck."

The man looked vaguely at the plate in his hand.

"Who are you, anyway?" Lily asked sharply.

"House dick," he answered succinctly.

Lily looked at him curiously. He hadn't the manners of any house detective she'd ever seen. "Take it easy, lady," the man admonished her. "Sit down."

Lily was annoyed. "Please remove the top and leave this room instantly," she said icily.

The man advanced to the table and put down the plate. "Take it easy, lady," he repeated. Carefully he tilted the pitcher of cream above the coffee cup, added a heaping teaspoon of sugar, and with eyes fixed on Lily raised the cup to his lips and noisily gulped. There was something studied about his behavior, as if he were deliberately trying to goad her.

It did not occur to Lily to be frightened. She was merely furious. Haughtily, she marched across the room and opened the door.

On the threshold stood a stocky young man who, like his predecessor, taking advantage of Lily's surprise, instantly insinuated himself into the room.

Lily whirled, and her huge violet eyes widened. In the few seconds when her back had been turned, the big man's costume had been modified! Gone were coat, shirt and tie. Instead, his powerful torso was draped in a rumpled pajama jacket.

Then several things happened all at once. Two rough arms clutched Lily in a fervid embrace. Lily herself tried frantically to scream—and an atomic bomb seemed to fall on Room 1042.

Lily didn't exactly faint, but when she opened her eyes she found herself seated in a chair without remembering how she got there. The room was intact—and deserted. She drew a deep breath. The sudden struggle, the unexpected glare, had confused her. Now out-glare cleared her head.

It was the corniest old game in the world—the photograph in a cheap, sordid hotel room. But this wasn't a cheap, sordid hotel. It was an excellent hotel. There was something queer going on. Lily frowned. They must want the picture for some kind of blackmail.

But why me? thought Lily indignantly. True, Jason was a wealthy man; but definitely not the type to submit to blackmail. It just didn't make sense.

Continued on page 28



Then several things happened all at once



# She knew what she wanted!



There was a young woman named Strong  
Doing dishes her way took too long  
Mild bar soap was all right  
To keep her hands white  
But so SLOW, she knew something was wrong!

YES! BAR SOAP WAS TOO SLOW! Mrs. Strong  
should have used Ivory Snow for speed! Much  
faster sudsing than slowpoke bar soaps, yet  
tops in safety for hands!

So she said—"For more dishwashing speed  
Maybe strong washday soap's what I need."  
But though twas fast enough  
Her hands grew red and rough!  
Was she better off then? NO, INDEED!

NO! THAT WASHDAY SOAP WAS TOO STRONG!  
She should have used Ivory-mild Ivory Snow.  
So much kinder to hands, yet because it's in  
granulated "snowdrop" form, it's as fast  
as the fastest washday soap!

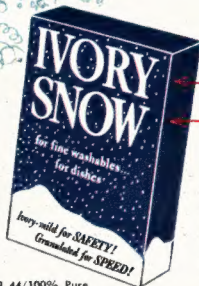


Then she found the way out of her plight  
Now she says "Ivory Snow is JUST RIGHT!  
Here is one soap at last  
That is wonderfully fast  
And helps keep my hands lovely and white!"

YES! IVORY SNOW'S JUST RIGHT!  
It's the only soap both Ivory-mild-  
and-pure for protection to hands and  
granulated in "snowdrop" form for  
speed in the dishpan. That's why  
women who've been using slow bar  
soaps or strong washday soaps are  
turning to Ivory Snow . . . one soap  
both safe for hands, and fast!

NO OTHER SOAP  
LIKE IT!

Here's one soap that gives  
both { Kindness to Hands!  
Speed in the Dishpan!



for Mildness!  
for Speed!

HEAR RENNY BAKER on  
Glamour Manor! New-high in  
daytime radio! All-star cast!  
Fun! Music! Mon, thru Fri.  
11 AM, KCKO—Fort Worth  
and Dallas; WTAW—College  
Station; KFRQ—Longview.

99 44/100% Pure

## QUIZ 'EM

A news question-answer game



He's way up, so is his price. Why?

**1. FOR YOUNGSTERS . . .** What London memorial  
is being planned for children of all lands who lost their  
lives in the war?

A small garden where children can play, with a  
recess to incorporate a statue near the famous one of  
Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.

**2. GOOD WORK . . .** What U. S. city led all others  
in cutting down loss by fire?

Mansfield, Ohio. This city cut its five-year average  
nearly 80 per cent. — F. S., Lansing, Mich.

**3. NORTHERN LIGHTS . . .** Why are ultraviolet  
lights used in Swedish schoolrooms?

Because of the country's northern latitude, the  
sun's rays are not strong enough from October to  
March. The lights give much-needed Vitamin D.

**4. GOING UP . . .** Why has the price of giraffes for  
zoos spiraled from \$4,000 to \$20,000 each?

Zoos in South America and Europe are in the mar-  
ket again. — A. L., Rochester, N. Y.

**5. GREETINGS . . .** How many greeting cards were  
sold last year?

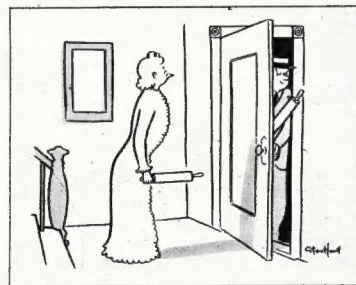
A record total of \$160,000,000 worth. Forty-two  
per cent of the cards now produced are get-well,  
bon-voyage and birthday cards.

**6. HANDLED WITH CARE . . .** How is the Liberty  
Bell protected from fire?

A signal sent on Independence Hall's own fire  
alarm, Box No. 1776, will bring four fire companies  
to the scene in one minute.

CONDUCTED BY *Tom Henry*

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this  
column. *Prizes must accompany the answer.* Address: Tom Henry,  
THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.  
Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.





Now! All America  
Can Have  
America's finest cleanser  
by Swift & Company



It's Swift's Cleanser—the only cleanser that gives you BOTH!

**1. Instant grease cutting!**



It's wonderful! You just smooth Swift's Cleanser over the greasy surface and greasy particles dissolve in an instant... wipe gently away. Swift's Cleanser is snowy-white in color, rinses quickly away without leaving gritty sediment. A sprinkle in your dishwater makes dishwashing easier, *saves soap*, too!

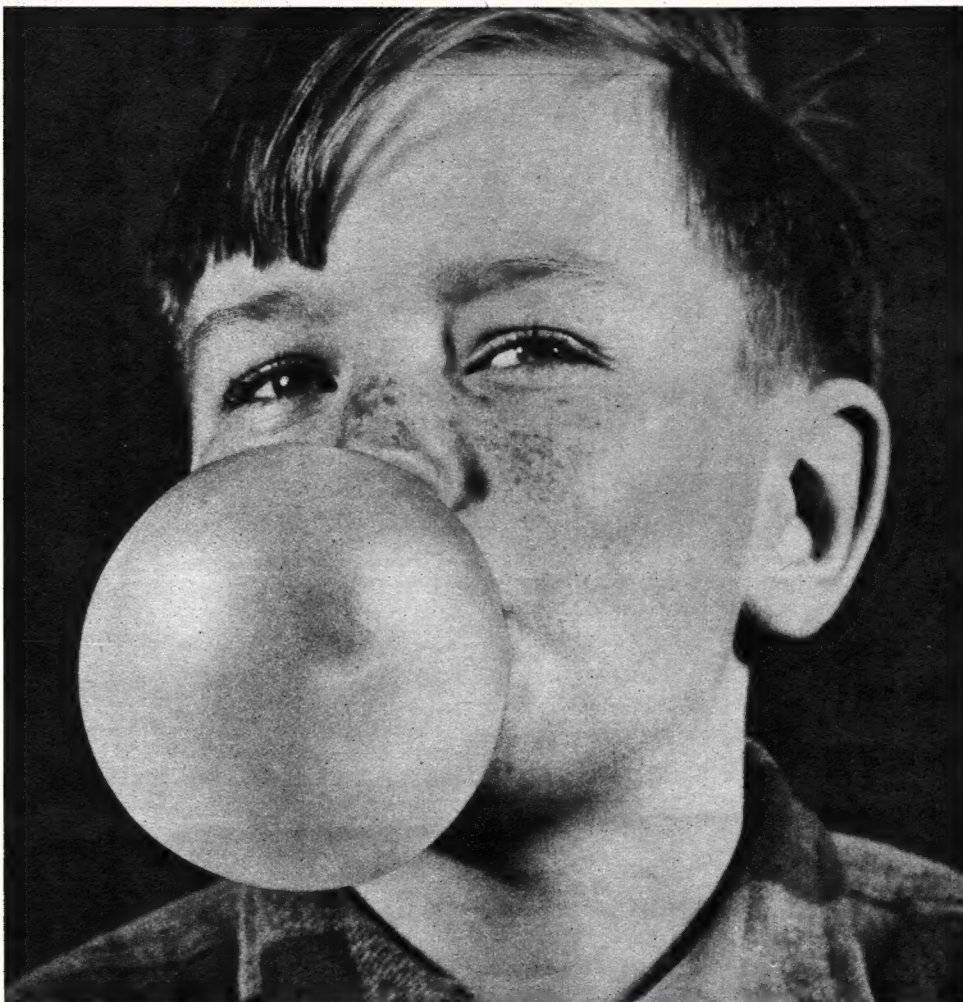
**2. Scratchless cleaning!**



Never a scratch when you polish with Swift's Cleanser. Just test it—wet your fingers, take a pinch between them, rub, and feel how fine and free from grit it is. And it *polishes as it cleans*. Only Swift's Cleanser gives you both *instant* grease-cutting and *scratchless* cleaning. Try it for a week—you'll use it for life.

Pick the Polka Dot Package—  
choice of  3 colors





**SMALL FRY** chew more than 130 sticks apiece yearly, shell out \$4,500,000 to bubble-gum industry alone

FRED M. BERNETT

# DO YOU CHEW GUM?

by Leslie Lieber

**Emily Post denounced it and Trotsky raged against it. But Americans go right on chewing 15 billion sticks a year . . .**

**I**N THE quest for new short-cuts to steadier nerves and gleamier teeth, Americans this year will chew more than 15,000,000,000 sticks of gum. When this relaxing gnashing of jaws is over and the nickels are counted, the steadiest-nerved people to be found anywhere will be the controlling stockholders in this country's booming chewing-gum industry. Their aromatic little package is perhaps the most profitable five-cent item ever invented.

Americans lavish a cool, refreshing \$140,000,000 annually on their favorite chicle

flavors. We are the only nation whose adult population spends two-and-a-half million years every 12 months kneading, churning and cradling in its mouth an elastic putty which it never intends to swallow. The average citizen now has a minimum requirement of 130 sticks of gum per year, or over 5,000 for a lifetime. In terms of idle-jaw motion, the man-in-the-street will soon overtake the cow-in-the-pasture.

## Why We Munch

SOME idea of the progress made towards that goal may be gleaned from commercial statistics showing we're already 10,000,000,000 sticks ahead of our World War I compatriots. The 1918 man staggered along on a slim annual diet of only 39 sticks.

More difficult to graph than cold statistics

are the reasons why Americans love to nibble at this spongy confectionery. A Columbia University professor has already grappled with this problem in a learned treatise entitled, "The Psycho-Dynamics of Chewing," and a Research Fellowship has been established at Northwestern University in case anybody wants to pursue the psychopathological mysteries far enough to become a Doctor of Chewing Gum.

The general scientific consensus is that gum-chewing relaxes muscle tension. Whatever the reason, the instinct lies deep in the basement of our being. Otherwise, the gum-chewing habit could never have survived the bitter attacks against it during its formative years. Emily Post, bellwether of courtly manners, railed against it like a doomsday prophet. And World Revolutionist Leon Trotsky

put chicle under an austere Bolshevik ban.

"Chewing gum," raged Trotsky, "is just another capitalistic opiate to make the masses forget their misery."

But in a recent advertising-agency survey, the masses said they like it because: it helps steady the nerves (147); refreshes mouth and throat (95); relieves craving for smokes (37); helps keep teeth clean (32); aids digestion (25); gives you a lift (21).

Chicle mania is an almost pure twentieth-century phenomenon. First white men to lay eyes on the stuff were the Spanish Conquistadores who landed in Yucatan. The Aztec Indians were chewing it for their nerves as the gun-toting invaders waded ashore. At that time the rubber-like sap of the nispero, or sapote, tree hadn't yet been seasoned with tutti-frutti. So the Spaniards munched a few mouthfuls, grunted, and continued to poke around for gold.

Some 350 years later, a swashbuckling, one-legged ex-dictator of Mexico, General Santa Anna, brought a small quantity of this chewy latex to his place of exile on Staten Island. No chicle enthusiast, he had visions of an ersatz-rubber industry. When chemists pooh-poohed the idea, Santa Anna gave the gum to his secretary and returned to Mexico oblivious of his importation's future.

## Gum Gets Its Start

**T**HE American secretary, Thomas Adams, founded the chewing-gum industry. But the nation didn't bite, and as late as 1890 the barometer of chewing-wax popularity was a few thousand farmers' bedposts.

Then along came an energetic, rosy-cheeked merchandising genius named William Wrigley, Jr. Young Bill, who had come to Chicago with only \$32, was concentrating on baking powder. To keep sales soaring, he began giving away an obscure brand of chewing wax as a premium with every 50-cent can of cake-mix. Neither Wrigley nor a great deal of cake dough ever rose very high on the baking powder. But the clamor for chicle swept the country. In short order Wrigley was giving away not only the baking powder but cash registers, umbrellas and cheese cutters as bonuses to dealers handling his new sensation — chewing gum:

**The rest is history — the history of an industry that has given the world its biggest nickel pastime.**

William Wrigley's commemorative headstone is a 25-story skyscraper along Chicago's lake front. But there's another monument in the millions of mangled morsels of Wrigley merchandise — stealthily stuck by American hands — which will cling forever to the Taj Mahal, the Eiffel Tower, and under Hitler's mahogany table at Berchtesgaden.

Before the war, the industry published a gay pamphlet stating that the word for chewing gum in Addis Ababa is "Paykah"; and in

*Continued on page 20*



**CHEWERS DE LUXE:** Board of Experts must pass on every new batch of gum



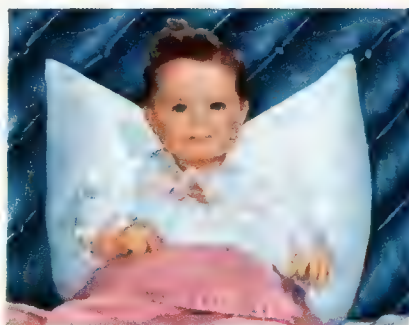


# What's all the splashing about?

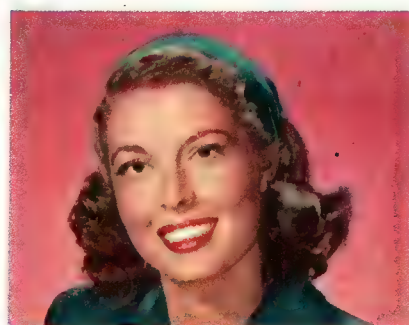
Ivory's improved! Now it makes extra suds faster!



**Boy, what bubbles** —Now pure, mild Ivory is sudsier than ever. Gee, you just swish improved Ivory around in the water and up come the suds *in a hurry*. What fun! The suds are faster and they last longer, too. It's big news in the nursery, I can tell you. And I betcha it's big news every place, 'cause Ivory's the most famous soap in the world. So pure, so mild, so sudsy!

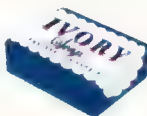


**So pure, so mild** —More doctors recommend Ivory than all other brands of soap put together. Millions and millions of babies have been pampered with pure, mild Ivory Soap. And millions and millions of gals have grown up with *That Ivory Look*. Yes, Ivory has a beauty record no soap can beat! And now pure, mild Ivory's sudsier than ever with no extra effort!



**"I'm excited, too!"** Yes, gals of all ages can be excited about sudsier Ivory. Know why? If you've been careless about your complexion and change to regular care with pure, mild Ivory, you can have *That Ivory Look* in just one week. And you know what that means—a younger-looking, lovelier, more radiant complexion. Wonderful? Wonderful! Pure, mild, faster-sudsing Ivory!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% pure...it floats





It was Virtue who pointed at this moment at another stranger, who held his hand behind his back. "What has he in his hand?" Great-Grandmother.



## Incident At **WANG'S CORNERS**

### *A Short Story*

**W**ANG'S CORNERS had changed. Before the war it had been the quietest village in China, equally inaccessible to travelers from east or west. But had it been nearer to either, it would still have been quiet and no travelers would have found it worth visiting.

The village had existed for a thousand years, of interest to no one except the Wang family itself. The family was of no interest, either, for a Wang was like any person you might meet on any street in any village. There had never been a great scholar nor a rich man among them.

Good Wangs and bad Wangs there were, but even these were not extreme, for the rest of the Wangs were alarmed if anything unusual developed in one of their members. Immediately parents and elder aunts and uncles suspected illness or secret frustration, and every effort was made to tempt and ensnare the unusual one back to health and reason. If it was a man, a pleasant concubine was bought; if a woman, a piece of jewelry was bought. They were not above providing opium for the aged.

If, on the other hand, a crime was committed, it was equally intolerable, for the

**Even in this remote Chinese village  
the backlash of world chaos brings  
its drama, its crises, its grim humor**

family honor was concerned. None of them forgot that four generations back a young male Wang had been put to death by his own family because he had become the lover of a married woman in another village.

**B**UT the change in their village brought change to the Wangs, especially to the younger ones. For centuries they had been used to nothing more speedy than a passenger barrow or a sedan chair — and now suddenly airplanes dropped down out of the sky and disgorged people from all over the world. The names of the strange countries became familiar. Even a five-year-old Wang could point at a white man and lip the name of his kind.

Wang Chen thus heard his own son, Little Big, stare at a tall white man and diagnose

his race and country accurately. Pointing his little forefinger at him Little Big said, "You come from America!"

The tall man understood the name of his country, and he paused on his busy way to smile, Little Big went on: "In America people eat raw animals." This the tall man could not understand, but he liked Little Big's lively black eyes; he reached in his pocket and brought out a flat bit of something wrapped in paper and handed it to the child. Then he hurried to step into another plane, which had come down at that very moment out of the sky. No one stayed in Wang's Corners. It was simply the crossroads to anywhere else in the world. . .

After the white man had disappeared over the horizon, Little Big unwrapped his gift

and found inside a sweet-smelling substance. He smelled it, then put it in his mouth and chewed it. The more he chewed it the less he could swallow it. He showed it to Wang Chen, his father, who showed it to the other members of the family. All chewed it in turn and agreed that it was not to be swallowed.

At the same time it was something to eat and should therefore not be wasted. In the end Great-Grandmother swallowed it and put an end to the problem of what to do with it. She declared next day that she felt better than she had in ten years, and everybody regretted not having swallowed it. But it was too late. Little Big eagerly hoped for another stick of the same substance, but no one gave him any more. Most travelers were too busy to notice him among the other small Wangs, and few of them were Americans.

**B**UT this stick of sweet was the cause for much talk in Wang Chen's family. Heretofore they had seen only strangers come and go. It was like a perpetual show, which had nothing to do with them. The stick of sweet was something real. Outside the village there were these strange, life-giving foods and sub-

*Illustrated by Walter M. Baumhofer*





Inquired suddenly

## By PEARL S. BUCK

stances: Wang Chen began to wonder about the outer regions. He was a young man and he had had twinges of restlessness even before the village changed. Now it seemed to him that it was absolutely necessary for him to live a life different from his father's and his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's.

ALL three of these elders were alive and hearty. His father was the Mayor of the village, and his grandfather was the Elder, and his great-grandfather, being the oldest man in the village, was the head of everything. All of them lived together inside the earthen walls which sheltered Wang Chen's particular branch of the family.

But Wang Chen made the mistake of confiding in his wife, Virtue, that he was bored with his life. It came out of talking to her in the night about the sweet stick which Great-Grandmother had swallowed.

"You see what interesting things are outside our village," he said, staring into the flowered canopy above the great bed in which they lay. "This stick of magic food has rejuvenated our old ancestor. She has new strength and willfulness."

Virtue, lying with her head on his shoulder, murmured: "But Great-Grandmother has always been willful."

Wang Chen did not hear her. He went on: "The white man could do nothing of that magic food — or he would not have given it away carelessly to a child. It is only a small thing to these people outside. They have so many wonders. They ride in flying ships as we ride in wheelbarrows. What else have they? I long to find out everything for myself."

Virtue was terrified. "If you ever go up into the sky in one of those devil ships, I shall cry myself to death," she declared.

Until this moment Wang Chen had not thought actually of leaving home. But now he said to her sternly, "You must not tie a man to the bedpost!"

VIRTUE said no more; but the next morning she reported the whole conversation to the three elder generations. All of them shared her terror. Wang Chen was the oldest of the youngest generation, and all looked to him to lead the family some day.

Great-Grandmother, however, opposed the others. "Wang Chen, our descendant, is a clever child," she declared. (Anyone under forty she called a child.) "Why should we lock him for life into this village between earth and heaven? If he goes out, he may become a great man. Then he would bring honor to our village. We have never had a great man here. Who has heard of our village? All of you have eaten and slept and begotten sons like yourselves — no more."

She had not in all her ninety-two years said what she really felt about the Wang men — the one she had married and the ones she had borne — and all were shocked. Virtue saw wrath gathering in three generations of men, and she made haste to speak. "Don't blame Great-Grandmother," she said. "It is that foreign stuff in her belly that has changed her."

The others were struck with this wisdom, and Great-Grandfather spoke: "If a bit of foreign stuff in the belly of an old woman can make her even more willful than she was, then certainly let us have no more of anything foreign. Tell Wang Chen that he cannot leave the path we have made."

"You tell him, Great-Grandfather," Virtue said wisely. "He will listen to you — but who expects a man to listen to his wife?"

THREE days later Wang Chen was called before his elders, and one after the other spoke, first Great-Grandfather, then Grandfather and Grandmother, and then his own father and mother, and uncles and aunts in their generation. Only Great-Grandmother would not speak. She sat looking rebellious and making secret signs to Wang Chen not to yield. When the elders spoke too long, she had coughing fits until they stopped. Virtue stood in the door and saw everything, and felt that Wang Chen was not listening because he was laughing secretly at Great-Grandmother.

By some chance arranged by heaven, they heard at this very moment a commotion outside the gates on the street that ran through the village. Shouts and screams and the padding of bare feet in the dust made them all stop, look at one another and listen. Great-Grandmother was the first to reach the gate. She was so small and light that she was still the quickest on her feet. She said it was because she had three legs, her own two and a staff.

But she was so shrunken and tiny that the rest of them could see over her head, and since the gate was set at the top of three steps, the street was below them, and they looked down upon the sight.

There in the dust of the street, in this village where never in all the generations had

but one man died except by a natural death, a handsome man now lay dying. He was gasping out a few broken words: "I die — because I said we must — must be free. Ah, brothers!"

He closed his eyes — all thought him dead. But suddenly he opened his eyes and struggled to lift his head. With great effort he raised himself on his hands. He fixed his wavering eyes on Wang Chen. "Free!" he gasped — "to speak — to think — you young men!"

Nobody had any knowledge of what he meant. He pointed at Wang Chen, and then before he could utter one more word, he fell back dead.

Against all wisdom, Wang Chen ran and lifted him out of the dust. His family screamed at him to let the man lie until his own kin came to fetch him, lest blame for his death fall on the Wangs.

Wang Chen wavered — until Great-Grandmother pushed herself through a crack in the crowd. "Bring him into the court," she ordered. "I am so old nobody can blame me for anything. What killed him?"

Nobody knew. The man had been sitting in the teashop, dressed in ordinary clothes, as anybody could see, and suddenly there was a noise like a big firecracker and blood came out of his left breast.

"Has anybody ever seen this man?" Great-Grandmother asked.

Nobody had seen him. He was a traveler among many travelers, except that he was a native of their own province. The proprietor of the teashop said mournfully that he had only just complimented him on this, when the strange accident happened.

It was Virtue who pointed at this moment, at another stranger, who held his hand behind his back. She did not say a word. But while all were watching the stranger die, she saw this man smile. He, too, was a Chinese, but he was dressed in foreign clothes like a white man. Many travelers, however, dressed in such garments and it was not this that made her notice him. It was his cold and smiling face.

All now looked at him. He kept on smiling and tried to appear unmoved. But the fixed stares of two hundred and more Wangs were hard to endure. He turned hot, although the season was early autumn. "Can you tell me when the next plane arrives?" he asked in a loud voice. Nobody answered.

He looked even more uncomfortable. There was no way of getting out of the Wang village except by plane or on his own two feet.

"What has he in his hand?" Great-Grand-



PEARL BUCK'S novels of China have been on best-seller lists since her great success, "The Good Earth." Now in a gripping and unusual story she shows the courage of a timeless people

mother inquired suddenly. The man kept one hand in his pocket. He did not move.

She turned to Wang Chen. "Go and pull out his hand," she ordered. All the Wangs cried out to Wang Chen not to obey, but he laughed and strode over to the man. To the astonishment of all, the man turned and tried to run away. Wang Chen seized him by the neck with both hands, and the man's hands flew up to save himself. Something fell out of his pocket, an object as small as a toy.

Great-Grandmother called out to Wang Chen: "Hold him!"

WANG CHEN held him while Great-Grandmother skipped over and picked up the toy. It fitted her hand nicely, but she did not know what it was. Her finger pressed something, and suddenly there was a loud noise and smoke came out. All the Wangs screamed, and Wang Chen shook the stranger, who tried again to get away.

"Throw it down!" the elders shouted to Great-Grandmother.

But she held the toy tightly. "Why it's a little gun. This fellow killed our provincial brother with this gun. He must not escape. Justice must be done in our village."

Everyone remembered that they were all safe — now that Great-Grandmother had the gun, and Wang Chen had the stranger half-choked, and it was too late that night for any more planes to come in.

Great-Grandfather cleared his throat and said loudly: "Our Old Lady is right. Let the village gates be locked. Bring this villain to the ancestral hall. As for our dead brother, let him be lifted into the hall and put upon the blackwood couch, in order that he himself may see that justice is done."

AN HOUR later, had anyone dropped down from the skies to see, he would have understood why the Wang Village had lived for a thousand years, and would indeed live forever.

There, in the great old hall, earthen-walled and solid, its rafters the beams of great trees polished and dark, the generations sat — men, women and children.

Virtue held Little Big on her lap. The dead man lay on the central couch, and candles and incense burned at his feet. Great-Grandfather sat on one side of the table and Grandfather on the other side, and the men of the generations sat in proper order on either side. The stranger was tied to a heavy chair before them. Two gat-men held lighted candles on either side of him, not only to light his face so that all could see when he lied, but also to hold to the palms of his hands if he refused to speak.

This was necessary, because when Great-Grandfather first began to ask questions, the man looked haughty and declared that he would not talk to ignorant villagers.

"Burn his palms," Great-Grandmother said mildly. In a moment the man was willing to speak; the sweat was running down his cheeks.

"Who are you?" Great-Grandfather began again.

"I am a member of the police."

"I didn't know we had such a thing," Great-Grandfather said. "We never have needed police before. Explain yourself."

So the man explained himself unwillingly. Each time he halted, Great-Grandmother took her waterpail out of her mouth. "Burn him," she said.

So he began to speak again. He said he had been under orders to kill this man lying there. All looked at the dead man. He was tall, young and beautiful. Also, he looked intelligent and learned. He was no common man.

"What had he done?" Wang Chen asked

Continued on page 26



*To keep summer things lovely  
there is nothing like  
PURE SOAP*



*Chiffon is all pure soap.  
No purer soap  
was ever made!*



A Product of  
Armour and Company



*So your things stay lovely longer  
when you always use  
Chiffon!*

Mild, gentle Chiffon is so kind to your hands, too—that's why Chiffon's top favorite for dishwashing! Glasses sparkle! Dishes shine—and your hands stay soft, lovely!





**VICTIM.** There's no cure yet—but she can be helped

## KER-CHOO!

by Aiken Welch

**Hay-fever season will soon be with us. Here is an up-to-date report on last year's miracle drugs**

**I**F YOU are one of the millions of Americans who spend summer after summer in sneezing, wheezing and weeping, you are probably on the lookout for the latest remedy to cure, halt or somewhat relieve hay fever. You've undoubtedly read with hay-feverish interest the reports of the latest drugs reputed to give relief—pyribenzamine and benadryl.

Hailed with joy when they were first put on the market about a year ago, pills of benadryl and pyribenzamine were bought by the hundreds, and hay-fever sufferers got into all sorts of trouble.

An opera star took one of these drugs and went to sleep on the stage when it was time for his aria. A young soldier on a date drove drowsily through a red light and spent the evening in the guardhouse. A housewife found herself waking from profound sleep 10 minutes before dinner was supposed to be ready. Some persons may even have suffered injuries as a result of being drugged.

### See Doctor First

**I**N THE last year, doctors have kept a sharp watch on the effects of both these drugs on their patients and now have home-use findings as well as laboratory conclusions to guide them in administering to the sufferers. The only person likely to get into trouble now is the one who buys the drug on his own judgment and takes

it without consulting a doctor.

So—if you'll hold your horses and read this article before dashing to the drugstore, you may have a better picture of what's behind the itches and irritations of hay fever and where these "magic" drugs fit in.

First of all, none of the patent drugs is a hay-fever cure. Drugs can and do, in varying degree, relieve acute symptoms—that is, they dry your tears and stop the itching temporarily.

### Can Be Serious

**I**N MEASURING the success of the new drugs, doctors have had to remember that new remedies always turn up a lot of people who think they are cured because they want to think so. Hay-fever sufferers, like people with any chronic disease, respond easily to suggestion. It works both for and against them. One man has a violent attack of sneezing when he sees a hay field from the window of an air-conditioned car. Another, sensitive to horse dander, sneezes at the sight of a wooden horse. Both may feel that their hay fever is gone forever after the first few doses of a new drug.

When you talk to a specialist about getting rid of hay fever, you find that his point of view is much broader than irritating seasonal attacks of itching and sneezing. To him, hay fever is a disease of the entire body, a serious disease because untreated hay fever, in about half of all cases, results in asthma. So you've got to try to get at the cause.

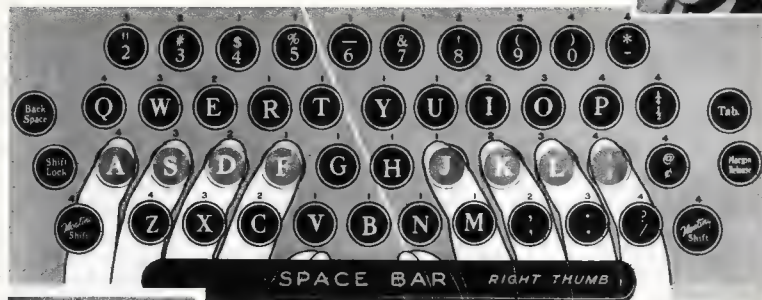
First of all you must realize that hay fever is usually a family dis-

*Continued on page 18*

## "CORRECT TYPING is really SO EASY!"

says **NORMAN SAKSVIG**, authority on typing technique

Over 200,000 typists and students have witnessed his amazing demonstrations



**TOUCH TYPING**, which anyone can quickly memorize, begins with above finger positions on eight "home" keys.



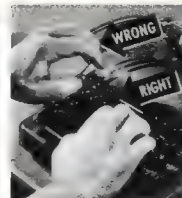
**POSTURE** is important. Sit erect, feet flat, to acquire comfortable balance and avoid fatigue.



**FINGERS** should curve as shown, wrists and arms relaxed. Tap keys briskly, finger action only.



**FWOT** fingers from "home" positions to strike keys with proper fingers... then return "home".



**"HUG THE KEYS,"** says Saksvig—eliminate arm or wrist action, keep fingers close to keys.

## Smith-Corona Portables offer you full size "office typewriter" keyboards



... plus features which you must see to appreciate—effortless "Floating Shift" (Smith-Corona "first"), protective "All-Around Frame," Touch Selector, etc.—plus speed, easy action, and an outstanding name for high quality. Convenient carrying case included.

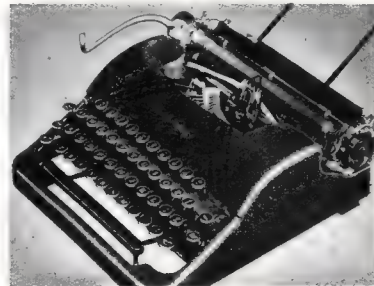
With reasonably brief practice, according to Norman Saksvig, any beginner or "occasional" typist can quickly acquire "useful" typing speed—faster, that is, than handwriting, more legible, more businesslike. And from that point on, your typewriter becomes a home necessity.

Perhaps your dealer can supply you now. If not, he can show you a Smith-Corona, explain it, and list your order. Production is increasing; it's not too early to order one right now.

*A suggestion:* Put this page before you so you can refer to it when you commence typing.



**ALL YOU NEED:** Typewriter, instruction book, touch typing chart (with exercise on back)—then go!



## SMITH-CORONA

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y

Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Office Typewriters, Adding Machines, Viquid Duplicators and Typebar Brand Ribbons and Carbons.



# Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart—can you?" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be Toni twins."

## Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. Easier than ever, now, with the new Toni plastic curlers. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, luxurious waves—wonderfully soft and natural-looking.

Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start. Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 permanent—or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notions or cosmetic counter. Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the right above. Could you tell?

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$200	\$125	\$100

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada



# Toni

HOME PERMANENT  
THE CREME COLD WAVE



Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers—but the wave stays in for months



"GIMME!" Gaudy toy does the job, rouses a tough subject to action

## She Shoots Babies

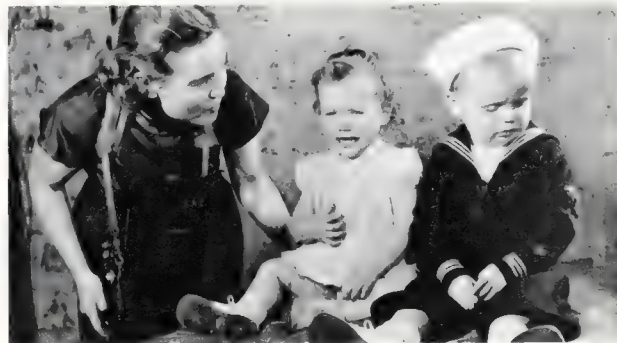


TRICK. Connie makes faces, gets youngsters to imitate her

WORLD's top photographer of the diaper crowd is a young ex-model named Constance Bannister from Nashville, Tenn. She came to New York a few years ago, took a course in photography and now her yearly business runs into five figures. Pictures on this page show you some of the stunts she uses to get the little tyrants in the right mood to be snapped.



RESULT. That wide-awake, five a.m., ready-for-breakfast look



SAILOR spoke out of turn, the lady's miffed. But Connie has the answer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM GOLDSTEIN



**PLENTIFUL... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 5 SUMMERS!**

# MEDIUM-MELLOW KRAFT AMERICAN



That cheddar flavor you hankered for—so lingeringly rich and mellow—is back! Yes, genuine smooth-melting Kraft American!

Again you can buy this famous pasteurized process cheese three different ways: In the half-pound packages (to go right in the picnic basket). The 2-pound loaf that keeps you stocked. Or, after you've seen the words Kraft American on your dealer's 5-pound loaf, have him cut sandwich slices.

Good news for folks who love really sharp cheddar flavor is that their beloved "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheese is back, too. And for the youngsters there's plenty of Kraft's famous mild, rich-tasting cheese food, Velveeta.

Again you can please everybody by having all three Kraft cheddar varieties—sharp, medium, mild—ready for snacks, sandwiches and swell hot dishes! Again your refrigerator can have a whole "Kraft Shelf."



**AND SHARP OLD ENGLISH**



**AND RICH MILD VELVEETA**



"It's great to have a whole  
**KRAFT SHELF**  
again!"



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## Beats Everything in the kitchen

**DEPENDABLE!** Does every mixing job you'd ask an old-fashioned heavy mixer to do, quicker, easier, better!

**PORTABLE!** Light weight! Carry it anywhere in the kitchen. Whip hot dishes right on the stove. Handy wall bracket keeps it always within reach.

**THOROUGH!** Beats thickest cake batter in a jiffy... whips velvety mashed potatoes... mixes home-made mayonnaise right in the jar!

**FAST!** Mixes puddings, eggs, milk drinks; does every job with the greatest of ease!

**HANDY!** No complicated parts to scrub. Compact, light, no storage problem. Rinses clean and spins dry in 10 seconds. Cuts kitchen grudgery in hot weather!



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complete with  
8-ft. cord

Get yours today  
at your local store.

**Next Week...** Read a story of our first great Fourth of July—Jackson Harvey's "The Rebellious Heart."

## Have you any questions to ask about Tampax?

This may be news to you — a doctor invented it for monthly use by women



Are you hesitating about Tampax just because it is unfamiliar? Then perhaps the knowledge that it was designed by a doctor will give you the confidence you need. And there are other

facts you should know to help you understand this modern internal-absorption method of monthly sanitary protection... Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. Worn internally, it requires no pins or belts. It is unseen when in place. No wrinkling or bulging under dresses. No chafing or odor. Quick to change even when fully dressed; and readily disposed of... Is it any wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax? Buy at drug or notion counter — 8 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply fits into purse. Complete directions for use in every package. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**HEADACHE**  
**UPSET**  
**STOMACH**  
**JUMPY**  
**NERVES**

**RELIEF!**

**THANKS TO**  
**FAMOUS**  
**BROMO-**  
**SELTZER**

When ordinary headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves all strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer for fast help. Caution: Use as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter. Product of Emerson Drug Co. since 1897



"Say! You're sure missing 'em with a lot more power since you been eatin' Wheaties!"

Vigor depends a lot on eating right. Training program of many a champion includes Wheaties. Seven dietary essentials in these whole wheat flakes. Three B vitamins, for instance. Protein, food-energy. Are you eating like a champion? Had your Wheaties today?

## KER-CHOO!

Continued from page fifteen

ease. Probably your father had it, your grandmother or your great uncle. But there's a silver lining to this situation: it's not contagious.

The hay-fever symptom is part of the body's effort to protect you against disease. Whenever "enemy" substances, to which you are allergic, threaten, certain cells called "antibodies" attach themselves in small armies to tissues of the body. Wherever an army of antibodies settle, the tissues become sensitive. The antibodies remain alert for the reappearance of the enemy.

### Easy Escape

WHEN the enemy substance (doctors call it *antigen*) enters for the second time, the army of antibodies goes to meet it with the typical allergic response, causing hay fever, hives, or, in case of bronchial disturbance, asthma.

Quickest and surest way to escape seasonal hay fever is to get out of the bad area. Go to the White Mountains, the Maine coast, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, the Canadian woods, Southern California or the lower tip of Florida. Or ask your local Chamber of Commerce for near-by places that are relatively free of hay-feverish pollens.

One chronic hay-fever sufferer once groaned at having to spend an entire summer in stifling New York City. It turned out to be his first year free of hay fever. The next summer he remained there deliberately, and now he seems rid of his annual nuisance.

What is there to do about your hay fever? First, get tested by your doctor. He will give you treatment to protect you during your worst season. If advisable, he will give you drugs during the acute attack stage.

### Other Enemies

IN ADDITION, remember that certain substances other than your known enemies can aggravate distress. Dr. Will Cook Spain, in his "Hints to Hay Fever Sufferers," lists cut flowers in the house, chemical fumes from lacquers, paints, gasoline, cleaning fluids, camphor balls, naphthalene flakes, sprays for flowers and insects, fumigating gases and even the gas that comes out of your cook

stove. Leaky mechanical refrigerators are arch enemies of the allergic victim.

People used to think that the sun made them sneeze. It is not entirely superstition. Strong light rays in open fields, at the seashore or in the movies, won't benefit hay fever. Wear dark glasses. Crowded smoking rooms, dusty roads and freshly swept rooms, musty pillows from summer houses and lint from cotton and wool will make many a sensitive mucous membrane swell.

If you're going on a train or automobile trip, try to avoid strong currents of air. No matter how hot the night, don't go to sleep with an electric fan blowing on you. Swimming and diving in fresh water are none too good. Still, there's the ocean!

Overeating can aggravate hay fever. The food most necessary to avoid in quantity includes meat, eggs, cheese and chocolate. Some people are irritated by melon, grapes, peaches and even sweet corn. Some find that alcoholic beverages will sometimes stimulate attacks.

Women sufferers often find it helps to give up highly scented soap and perfume, nail lacquer and remover. With men, hair tonics and lotions, shaving soap and talcum powder can cause itching and sneezing.

### No Perfect Remedy

AFTER all these cautions and prohibitions, it is easy to understand why the hay-fever victim wants something quick to end the suffering. But you can also see why the conscientious doctor wants to get at the basic cause.

You may as well face it — the perfect remedy for all cases has not been found. But the combination of drugs to relieve the discomfort and the steady effort to make the sufferer insensitive to further attack point the way to an eventual solution.

If you make a careful check, you may find a solution to your hay-fever problem is closer at hand than you'd thought. There is the famous case of the man who couldn't get near his redheaded girl friend without breaking into a fit of sneezing. They had both about decided he should see a psychiatrist when the girl changed her face powder. Presto, the sneezing stopped, and they lived happily ever after.

The End







## Want A Cat?

**A** YEAR ago this spring we had a situation in our family. We happened to have nine cats in the house.

That is a lot of cats.

We'd started out with two guaranteed male cats. One suddenly had a litter of three kittens. Then the other topped that with a litter of four.

There were so many cats that not even the mothers could keep them straight. They never knew whose children they were having for dinner.

We began asking our friends if they wanted a cat. Our friends began avoiding us.

My wife had an idea.

She bought some pink ribbon and tied bows around the kittens' necks. We took them one by one and set them on our friends' doorsteps. Then we rang the doorbell and ran. It was a dirty trick, all right.

But it worked.

As my wife said, most housewives will turn down an ordinary kitten, but not many can turn down a kitten with a pink ribbon around its neck.

In business, this is known as "packaging."

This year we have another situation in the house. I think some of our cats' kittens must have had kittens. Because the last three mornings the doorbell has rung. And nobody is ever there.

Except a kitten with a pink ribbon around its neck.—C.D.R.

## What are little girls made of?

Not just sugar and spice! Not just come-hither clothes. The girls who go over—on the job and off—have a certain special knack.

It's the knack of keeping everything they wear fresh and feminine. Analyze one of these girls—see some of the little things men fall for.

**FLOWER-FRESHNESS**—She makes sure of daintiness from the skin out. Her undies get treated to Ivory Flakes after each wearing, 'cause she knows *no soap gives clothes or colors gentler care!* Let this mild, rich-lathering soap help keep your undies petal-fresh and color-clear.

**FLAIR FOR FASHION**—What helps keep her rainbow-striped blouse so fresh and gay? Ivory Flakes—the soap so many fashion experts, store buyers and manufacturers recommend. They tell you no matter how safe a washday soap powder may be it is *not as mild, not as pure as Ivory Flakes*. So avoid strong soaps—shun rough handling! Head for twice the wear with gentle Ivory Flakes care.

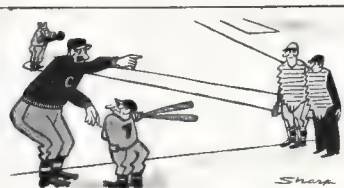
**PIN-UP FIGURE**—Her girdle does right by her because Ivory Flakes do right by her girdle—help guard its elasticity and looks. See *how much longer* your girdles keep their shape and fit when you wash them frequently with Ivory Flakes!

**LUSCIOUS LEGS**—Sheer, sheer stockings with no misgivings about unexpected runs. What's her secret? It's special Ivory Flakes care—she takes no chances with the wrong kind of soap. Strain tests show stockings gently sudsed in Ivory Flakes get *up to 50% less runs*. And pure Ivory Flakes help keep stocking colors true!



*If it's lovely to wear*


*It's worth Ivory Flakes care*



"Hawkins — go in and get a base on balls!"



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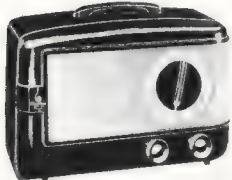


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World's Largest Maker of Small Radio

**DO YOU CHEW GUM?**

*Continued from page ten*



Bubble gum is back!

Bogotá, Colombia, it's "Dulce Diez y Seis." This linguistic tidbit became obsolete overnight when the GI, using his trusty gum as a medium of exchange, added the pure American word to almost every dialect on earth.

Gum-chewers know no caste distinctions. Queen Elizabeth of England and her young princesses practice the cult, even, on occasion, in the Royal Box at theaters. Arab women wrestle with it behind their veils. The North African fellahin will pay 10 cents for an unused stick, two cents for a secondhand one, and will take on a back-breaking labor job for a weekly stipend of one package. His Excellency, the Bey of Tunis, received a whole case from General Eisenhower as the highest token of Allied gratitude at the end of the North African campaign. The White House maintains a supply on hand for President Truman. And one wire service reported that the Royal car swimming in the moat around Emperor Hirohito's palace were feeding on GI chewing gum.

**Great Upper Lip?**

In BRITAIN, especially, the any-gum-chum ferment shows no sign of abating. Not long ago, a horrified observer saw a steel-helmeted officer munching gum while reviewing the Changing of the Guards ceremony at Buckingham Palace. A thorough investigation was promised. A more intelligent recognition of the gum menace was made by the manager of London's staid Covent Garden. After months of vexation at finding discarded wads all over the premises, the manager patented a mechanical "chicle-sweeper" consisting of a metal scraper heated by electricity and run over the floor like a vacuum cleaner.

To hold on to expanded war-time markets, gum manufacturers this year will devote about the same percentage of their income to ballyhoing their product as the cigarette companies. Of the \$35,000,000 or so that flows into Wrigley's coffers, about \$6,000,000 will boomerang right back at the public in the shape of advertising, gum's great silent salesman. The rest of the \$140,000,000 spent on chewing gum goes mainly to the American Chicle Company, sire of Dentyne, Chiclets, Beeman's Pepsin, and Adams Clove; and the Beech-Nut Packing Company.

**The Bubble-Blowers**

THE industry also embraces over 30 other firms, some of whose brands can bubble, pop, even dose an ailing throat with aspirin or sulfanilamide.

Bubble gum, especially double-bubble gum, gives Superman and Dick Tracy a run for first place in the hearts of the nation's small fry. Before the war it enticed around \$4,500,000 annually out of juvenile jeans. When Pearl Har-

bor pricked the bubble by cutting off the main ingredient—jelutong from Siam—the Fleer Corporation, of Philadelphia, originator and leading producer of the novelty, turned over its whole supply of jelutong to the hard-pressed Rubber Reserve Corporation. But now, after a three-year absence, bubble gum is back.

Keeping America chawing away at a steady clip gives employment to about 5,000 men and women, most of whom stand around in clean, white aprons watching machines turn out the finished product. This whole empire depends in turn on 20,000 men known as *chicleros* who roam the jungles of Guatemala, British Honduras and Mexico, tapping latex trees. The gum-blooded trees sometimes grow to be 100 feet high, can be tapped every four to eight years. Total lifetime output: between 50 and 100 pounds of potential Dentyne.

**Final Exam**

SOLEMNEST ritual in the life of a piece of chewing gum is the weekly board meeting where samples are chewed, screened, discussed, graduated *cum laude* or sometimes flunked by top executives.

"Every hatch has to be tested for consistency, flavor and cohesion," a Wrigley official told me. "Chewing gum is a delicately balanced blend, twenty-eight per cent latex, more than fifty per cent sugar and corn syrup, and just the right eyedropper proportion of mints from Michigan, clove from Zanzibar or balsam from Colombia. The slightest miscalculation might

convert Doublemint into triple mint."

Official testing grounds at Wrigley's is a well-appointed board-of-directors office. Five packages representing Wrigley's main flavors, plus a half dozen white P.K.'s, lie in plain wrappers on an oaken table. The testers file in silently. An electric atmosphere charges the scene as the experts reach for their first nibbles. It takes a good batch to get by these high-paid connoisseurs.

No story on gum would be complete without a mention of the role it played in World War II. Nervousness compelled the average GI to chew 630 sticks a year—500 more than the folks back home. He did this despite the War Department's request to the Red Cross that no chewing-gum be placed in overseas gift kits: German U-boats were following Spear-mint wrappers across the Atlantic.

**Gum's Martial Exploits**

A COLONEL on one Pacific atoll offered natives a stick of gum for every rat tail turned in. In two weeks, the island was rid of its total population of 15,000 rats. Major Robert S. Johnson, first American flyer to top Eddie Rick-enbacker's record, got a deadly head on his twenty-ninth enemy plane by substituting a piece of chewing gum for a lost gun sight.

During the Battle of Britain the Air Ministry announced that 55 sticks of chewing gum pressed into a gaping hole saved a giant Sunderland flying boat after it sank a German submarine. And, of course, everyone knows how the secrecy of our North African campaign was safeguarded. Crouching in the cellar of the "House of the White Light" at a pre-landing meeting with French resistance leaders, General Mark Clark stuck his own piece of gum into the mouth of a British captain who was trying to stifle a coughing fit, with the Vichy police upstairs.

That's the biography of chewing gum in war and peace. At this juncture the only thing that might possibly justify a new chapter is the awesome parting prophecy made by a chewing tycoon:

"Within five years, we will be making quadruple-strength bubble-gum." *The End*



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Your car  
is sure to need  
New Piston Rings

Be sure they're New

**LEAK-PROOF  
PISTON RINGS**

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

Guaranteed to do all 4

1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means that when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever shall occur first, under the terms and conditions of the McCauey-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

McCAUEY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS





PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUD W. HUSTON

**HANDYMAN:** He was an unknown only two years ago

## White House Wonder

BY LOU GORDON

**Things began to hum when Clark Clifford moved in. Meet the Capital's Golden Boy**

**T**wo years ago Clark Clifford was an obscure naval lieutenant. Today, as special advisor to President Truman, he's practically a Washington legend. His swift rise has already moved him well along in the footsteps of Wilson's Colonel House and Roosevelt's Harry Hopkins. Clifford's career, however, has been notable for one outstanding difference: Unlike House and Hopkins, he was a political unknown when he began his job.

The young lieutenant was sitting in a Navy Headquarters building in San Francisco, drawing up a lengthy report on the fleet's supply system, when a telegram ordered him to report immediately to Washington.

### "You're in Trouble!"

**T**HERE his old friend and former law client, Commodore James K. Vardaman, met him. "You're probably in trouble," said Vardaman, who was then Naval Aide to the President. Worried, Clifford begged Vardaman to find out what it was. A few hours later, the practical-joking Vardaman let him in on the secret—Clifford was to become Assistant Naval Aide, take over Vardaman's job while the latter went to the Potsdam Conference with Truman.

Nineteen months later, Clifford was chief advisor to the Presi-

dent, busily engaged in handing out advice on top policy questions of the government, and drafting Mr. Truman's major speeches and messages to Congress. He was given principal credit for breaking the coal strike which threatened to cripple the country in December. He prepared Truman's State of the Union message to the new Congress, and dressed up the President's Economic Report. He was active in smoothing out the differences in the Army-Navy merger proposals.

### Rosenman Liked Him

CLIFFORD's original role at the White House was inconspicuous. His duties as Assistant Naval Aide in Vardaman's absence consisted of such routine assignments as the redesigning of the Presidential seal and flag. During the lull hours, Clifford would drift over to the West Wing to visit with Judge Samuel Rosenman, Roosevelt's "Special Counsel," who had remained on to assist Truman. Rosenman was impressed with the young Naval Aide, recommended that Clark be permanently assigned to the White House. When Judge Rosenman resigned, Clifford assumed his duties.

Shortly after, the nation was threatened by the railroad tie-up. The President called Clifford into his office, told him he wanted to speak to the people in a few hours over the radio. Clifford retired to his office with stub pencil and scratch paper, emerged with the famous speech. The strike was over next day and the President's new aide had "arrived."

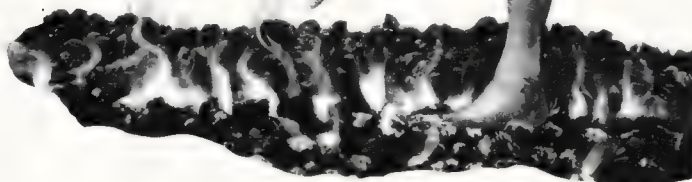
*Continued on page 25*

# LIKE MAGIC

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SINCLAIR OPALINE  
MOTOR OIL**

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*Keeps your motor clean as a whistle*



## Looking for a de luxe POTATO SALAD?

Here's a potato salad with the most delicious flavor you ever tasted! The secret is in the seasoning—Durkee's Dressing with its blend of rare spices and Durkee's Celery Seed.

- |                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6 large potatoes               | 1/2 tsp. Durkee's Celery Seed |
| 6 tbsp. Durkee's Dressing      | 6 tbsp. Durkee's Mayonnaise   |
| 2 dill pickles, finely chopped | 2 stalks celery, diced        |
|                                | 2 large apples, diced         |
|                                | 3 tbsp. vinegar               |

Cook potatoes in boiling, salted water until tender. While still warm, dice. Blend mayonnaise with Durkee's Dressing and mix with warm potatoes. Chill well and add rest of ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Serves 6 or 8. Leftover carrots and peas make an attractive garnish.

**Add a Chef's Dish**—sliced, cold chicken, ham and a deviled egg, garnish. Add zest with Durkee's Dressing—just right to "pick up" the flavor of cold meat, and marvelous in deviled eggs.

Write for interesting recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, Long Island, New York.



## WALLY'S WAGON



"Pop, just look at your shoes!"

## I'M A PROBLEM



HOME

ONE part they leave out of the books on raisin' kids is what to do when your young 'uns get to correctin' your mistakes.

When my kids really behaved when they was little, I used to get scared they was sick an' wastin' away. So I'd nag 'em into violence, then

harangue 'em back into order—if I could.

Well, it has come home to roost. They learned to pick on me just the way I suppose I taught 'em to do by pickin' on them.

"Daddy!" one of 'em will exclaim in a tone much improved over the best one the Missus or me ever used on them. "Daddy, you have your greasy old pants on!"

"Now, Pop," the other will start to lecture me, "you got all that paint and lumber out and left it right in the middle of the garage—"

They are just as bad—or maybe just as good—at makin' over their mother. If she strays from the straight path of dignity or etiquette they're on her like a flash.

"Mom, you shouldn't wear such a bright hat. Mom, Mrs. So-an'-So won't think it's nice if you don't phone her—"

"What," I asked the Missus last night after we'd given the kids a really tryin' day, "what are we goin' to do about their pickin' on us?"

"When they was little," she said, "I used to hear them ask each other the same question!" "Did they have any answer to it?" I ask.

"Sure," she grinned. "They used to mutter 'Just wait till we grow up! I guess they have.'"

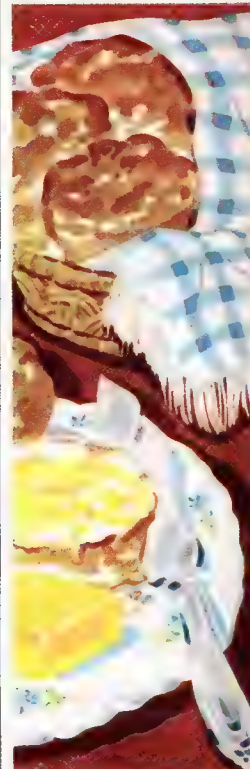
"Yeah," I agree. Then I bust out laughin'. "Just wait until I grow up to be a gran'pa. I'll teach the first one that walks to wader in mud puddles with his shoes on!"

"You won't have to," says a daughter's voice behind me. "He'll inherit the trait. Look at your shoes right now!"

—WALLY BOREN



"And what's more, I'm returning the frog you gave me!"



## Hot Biscuits—with an extra!

Light, golden-brown, hot biscuits—family favorite always! Make them especially good by using Durkee's Margarine in your favorite recipe. And for a delicate, golden crust, brush the biscuits lightly with melted margarine before popping them into the oven.

Then—serve with plenty of Durkee's Margarine! It's a wonderful spread with a mild, sweet, fresh-tasting flavor. Nutritious, too—15,000 units of Vitamin A to every pound. Another happy thought: Durkee's is thrifty!

SO MILD... SO SWEET...  
SO COUNTRY-FRESH  
IN FLAVOR!





# Joan Catches Up

(See Front Cover)



**INSPIRED LOVE:** She had to carry a hamburger

After years of fierce rivalry, Hollywood's most unsisterly sisters have reached the top together

"WHAT is movie fame?" asked Joan Fontaine. "And what is popularity?" It was Scheherazade, a haughty French poodle with a Lana Turner hair-do, that prompted Miss Fontaine to question the fundamentals of her profession.

"What happened to me when that dog came on the set," she complains, "shouldn't happen to a movie star." Miss Fontaine, a dog-lover, had leaned over to pet the pooch, only to be restrained by the trainer. "If you must pet a dog," she was told stiffly, "pet her stand-in."

#### The Pooch Ignores Her

It was a chastening experience. In the picture — "The Emperor Waltz" — Scheherazade was supposed to be Joan's faithful, four-footed friend. But the dog ignored her completely. An ingenious director thrust a cold, soggy lump of hamburger in her hand. By carrying it through all of the dog sequences, Miss Fontaine managed to arouse interest in the poodle, if not affection.

"That's fame," said Miss Fon-

taine, answering her own question, "when a dog has a stand-in and you don't. And that's popularity, when you have to keep a hamburger in your hand to inspire love."

Miss Fontaine was not being bitter — just philosophical. She is a changed woman. Until recently, she had the reputation of being hot-tempered, moody and defiant. But Hollywood's opinion of her has been sharply revised. Her manner today is well-bred, intelligent and charming.

She has even stopped being "Olivia de Havilland's sister." This requires explanation. In the old days, when she was an obscure actress, and her sister, Olivia, a successful star, Joan used to get a masochistic pleasure out of stressing the difference in their status. Meeting a new person, she would inevitably lead the conversation to the subject of movie stars.

"And what do you think of

BY LOUIS BERG

Olivia de Havilland?" she would ask.

Praise would, of course, follow. "Well," Joan would comment sourly, "prepare yourself for a treat. I am her sister."

As success came to her, the acid reaction lost some of its bite, until it disappeared altogether when she beat Olivia to an Oscar. Only once after that did she revert to her act. That was when she was introduced to a rather famous visiting Englishman. His polite but remote expression indicated all too clearly that he had never heard of her. The old grievance came to the fore.

#### Plain and Fancy

"I AM Olivia de Havilland's sister," she said tartly. "Oh yes, of course," said the Englishman. There was an embarrassed silence. Finally he blurted out, "Stupid of me, I'm sure, but would you mind telling me who Olivia de Havilland is?" Joan beamed.

There is reason to believe that all her consuming ambition had its origin in this sister complex. Everything Olivia did Joan had to do — only better.

Neither had a happy childhood, but Joan's was particularly distressed. She seems to have been subject to all the ailments a child can possibly contract. She was, in her own words, "plain, puny and sniffling," while Olivia was always beautiful and poised.

The familiar story of how she fled to Japan to join her father is a touching one. He had divorced her mother, married a Japanese woman, and was living in Tokyo.

#### Four Flies

ON the long voyage from California, a miracle occurred. The scrawny, timid girl blossomed overnight into rare beauty. In her exhilaration, she got herself engaged to four men on shipboard. It was the embarrassment of these entanglements as much as the strangeness of her father's Japanese ménage that started her back to the States.

In the meantime Olivia had become a prominent movie star. So, with no previous indication of talent or experience, Joan set herself to catch up with and surpass her.

Today Joan and Olivia may be said to be on a par in every respect. Each is happily married. Each has an Oscar on the mantelpiece of her home. If their quarrels still persist, envy is no longer the cause.

There is an indication today, however, of rivalry in a new direction. Joan's husband is William Dozier, a movie executive. Together they have formed a producing company — Rampart Productions.

"What is your first production going to be?" Joan was asked. "Bill and I hope," she answered, "that it will be a personal one."

## What kind of Vacationer are YOU?



**HIKER?** Whether you're a climber or stroller, New York State is your vacationland. Great mountain ranges, eye-filling scenery, historic sites, health spas, gorgeous State Parks!



**SAILOR?** Fresh-water skipper or deep-sea fisherman — New York State has everything you'd want. Plus fish-filled streams, inviting beaches — all reached by smooth, safe highways.



**THEATER-GOER?** Summer theaters, Big City shows, and night-club fun are waiting for you in the Empire State. Fine stores, museums, art galleries, too. See them all in New York State this summer!

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FOR EVERYONE**

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Please send me, free, your color-illustrated booklet, **SUMMER IN NEW YORK STATE**, telling me how I can have the best vacation ever!

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TEST YOURSELF • Ships in U.S. History

## CAN YOU NAME THEM?

by RAY BETHERS



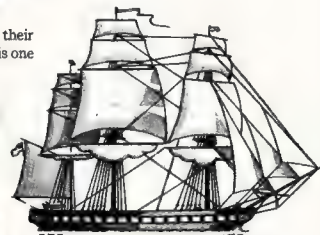
1 Leif Ericson sailed her to America 950 years ago



2 A lady named Isabella put up the money — and the captain made an important discovery in 1492

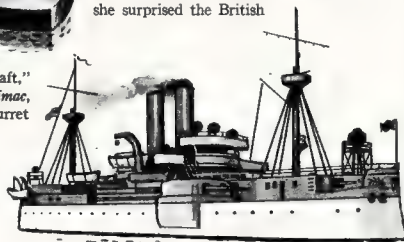


3 People like to claim their forefathers arrived on this one



4 Called "Old Ironsides," she surprised the British

5 "Cheese box on a raft," she battled the *Merrimac*, had the first gun turret



6 The sinking of this battleship in Havana Harbor with a loss of 266 men started a war with Spain



7 Japanese surrender took place on the deck of "Big Mo," whose nine 16-inch guns make her the greatest fighting ship in the world today. She's 900 feet in length and weighs 45,000 tons

1 Viking 2 Santa Maria 3 Mayflower 4 U.S.F. Constitution  
5 Monitor 6 Maine 7 U.S.S. Missouri



# Special Quick way to **TAN** WITHOUT BURNING!



## With Easy New Skol Plan Tan Lasts Longer Without Peeling

1. Apply SKOL before exposure.
2. Reapply after swimming, excessive perspiration, or when skin starts to "draw".
3. Take warm bath or shower.
4. Massage SKOL in gently until it vanishes.

SKOL is the original, non-oily, protective "filter" preparation, which screens out the sun's burning rays, admits the rays that tan. SKOL is not like oils and oily lotions which "fry" the skin in the sun's heat and wrinkle the surface of the skin. On the contrary, SKOL helps to keep the skin soft and clear-looking while it lets the healthful rays of the sun penetrate freely - actually assuring a longer lasting tan - a tan which won't peel! Get SKOL at your druggist's - today!

Non-Oily, Non-Greasy  
**SKOL**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The World's Largest Selling Suntan Lotion



AIDE: Clifford accompanies the Boss

## WHITE-HOUSE WONDER

*Continued from page twenty-one*

As the President turned more and more to his new counsel, the whole atmosphere around the West Wing seemed to change. An air of efficiency developed. Press-conference errors, such as the "Wallace incident," occurred less frequently.

The climax came in the coal strike in December. Clifford insisted that John L. Lewis had to be dealt with firmly. His contention was that a bold stand would win public support. The strike was called off, and Harry Truman emerged as a triumphant figure. Clark Clifford was given full credit by the Boss.

Like other members of the Palace Guard, Clifford comes from Missouri. But there the similarity ends. Clark is not short and paunchy - he is six feet two inches tall, 185 pounds, has blue eyes and wavy blond hair. He does not like cigars, bourbon whisky or poker playing.

### Budding Young Lawyer

CLIFFORD's early history gave no indication that he was cut out to be a bigwig in the White House. At Washington University (Class of 1928, Law), Clifford was a leader in campus social and dramatic activities. After graduation, he approached a prominent St. Louis lawyer, offered to go to work in his office without pay. By 1938, he was a member of the firm. In 1944, he left it to join the Navy.

Clifford, who lives in Chevy Chase, Md., with his wife and three daughters, has none of the crusading spirit in him that marked the various bright young men of the New Deal. He is especially efficient at parrying embarrassing questions. Asked what he thought of Harry Hopkins, he sidestepped gracefully: "I've never met him." Again, when asked if he had anything to do with Secretary of State Byrnes's resignation coming ahead of schedule, Clifford mentioned his friendship with Byrnes on a social basis.

Clifford has been criticized for his youth and inexperience. But for the first time in two years, Harry Truman's popularity-poll rating is moving upward. As long as it continues to rise, Clark Clifford is a cinch to remain the "Golden Boy" of Washington.

*The End*



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**RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP**



## INCIDENT AT WANG'S CORNERS

Continued from page thirteen

sorrowfully. He liked the dead man.

"He incited the people," the man said sullenly.

"How did he incite the people?" Wang Chen asked. Virtue made signs to him that he ought not thus to take the case away from the elders, but he ignored her.

The man did not answer. "Burn him," Great-Grandmother said amiably.

The man answered: "He praised a rebel who was shot a month ago." "Go on," said Great-Grandmother. "Tell us everything."

THE man held his swollen hands straight out before him, and tears of agony ran down his cheeks. He did not dare to keep back anything from her. But he was spiteful. "You here in this inland village know nothing," he said. "You are all ignorant. In times of war, no one can speak as he likes. In such times all must conform."

"Conform to what?" Wang Chen asked.

"To commands from above," the man said arrogantly.

"Do you mean Heaven?" Great-Grandmother asked.

"No," the man said, with contempt of her ignorance.

"Then say what you mean," Great-Grandmother said gently.

"I mean from those men above."

"Ah," Great-Grandmother said, "those rulers!"

"Did they tell you to shoot this teacher?" Wang Chen asked.

"He deserved to be shot, I tell you," the man retorted. "He praised a rebel, and he declared that he had the right to say what he liked, and he refused discipline."

ALL was silence after this. The Wangs reflected upon what they had heard, and the man blew on his blistered palms and wiped his eyes on his sleeves. "Wait till those above hear of this," he muttered. Nobody paid any heed to him.

"In the time of the Chin Emperor," Great-Grandfather said, "they also silenced teachers."

"They burned the books," Grandfather said.

"Are such times here again?" Wang Chen's father murmured.

Wang Chen said nothing. He walked over to the dead man and stood looking at him. His face was very thin, and his robe was patched. He had not eaten well for a long time, it could be easily seen. But money was useless these days, and bought nothing.

Great-Grandmother looked at the prisoner. "It is very inconvenient to have this murderer in our village. We must not let him go. A man who kills on command of a ruler can do anything. There is no light in his heart."

"We could lock him up," Great-Grandfather said, "and deliver him to those in command."

"They would only release him,"

Great-Grandmother retorted. "We had better obey Heaven."

A flutter of movement went over the assembled Wangs. The elders could decide, but who would execute? "We have no provision for killing men here," Grandmother remonstrated. "It would be very unpleasant, and the children ought not to see so much blood."

"There is very little blood on the dead man," Great-Grandmother argued. "With this toy, only a little hole brought death."

She took the thing out of her breast pocket and looked at it with admiration.

"Great-Grandmother, none of us here has ever killed anyone," Virtue dared to say. She was afraid Great-Grandmother would ask Wang Chen to kill the stranger, and she did not want her husband to kill even a wicked man.

"That is true," Great-Grandmother admitted. "I myself would not care to do it. But this man is a murderer already. It will not add to his crimes if he kills yet one more."

She motioned the two serving men to bring the man near. "Set the candles here on the table." They did so.

"Seize his wrists," she commanded next. They obeyed her.

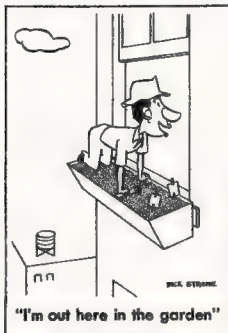
"Give him this weapon," she said then. "You are to hold him so that he does not turn it anywhere but to himself." She gave a gatenman the gun and he pressed it into the man's burned palm.

THE man would have dropped it, but the gatenman clasped the man's hands about it. He screamed with pain. Great-Grandmother lifted a candle, and held it close and more close. Suddenly the man obeyed her. They heard a noise, a flash of smoke—then silence. The man slid to the floor, a heap of western garments.

Great-Grandmother sighed. "Now give me that toy," she commanded. "I shall put it where no one can ever find it again."

She got up, and suddenly she looked very tired. Wang Chen ran to support her, and she clung to him.

"Be a good man!" she whispered. "Be good—be good—"



there is too much evil in our times!"

She who had been so strong now began to weep a little. "To think these two dead were once the sons of women!" she muttered. Thus murmuring, she went out, leaning on Wang Chen's arm. Virtue followed after them. Little Big was asleep on her shoulder. He had hardly stirred when the shot was fired. Behind her the Wangs gathered, and went each to his own house soberly, wife and children following each husband and father.

Only Great-Grandfather was left in the hall, and with him the two serving men. "Let the priests be called for this teacher," he directed. "As for the refuse here on the floor, it had better be buried somewhere in the hills before dawn brings those airplanes here again." Then he too got up and went to his bed.

By midnight Wang's Corners was as quiet as ever. What happened had happened, and the Wangs were asleep. Even Great-Grandmother was asleep, having obeyed Heaven.

ONLY Virtue lay awake. Her head was on Wang Chen's breast. He was talking: "If times are like this—if a man cannot speak what he wishes, if he cannot look to Heaven for justice, then good men must right the wrong—"

Under her right ear Virtue heard the beat of his heart. "Each man in his generation," Wang Chen was saying, "for the sake of his sons."

She listened to his heart. Steady and strong, faultlessly true to the beat of the blood, the good Wang blood, the plain Wang blood, fathers and sons, the common men who never ruled nor can be ruled!

"How can I live here in our village as though the times were good?" he demanded of her in the darkness. "I must go out and see what is going on among evil men."

"Am I afraid for you," she said.

"Am I the only good man?" he retorted. "There must be thousands like me. I have only to find them."

She put her hand to his cheek and he pressed it to his mouth. "But you," he muttered—"you must let me go!"

VIRTUE was very young, but she had inherited wisdom. "When Heaven sends a good man to die in our village," she said gently, "shall I refuse to heed Heaven's will? I know you must take his place."

"I shall come back," he promised.

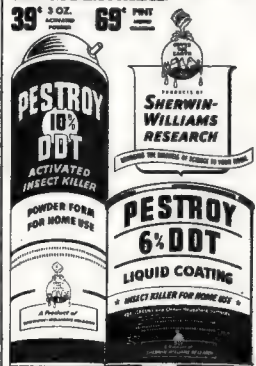
"You must come back," she said and wiped her eyes secretly.

"You—" he said, "you can busy yourself, you know."

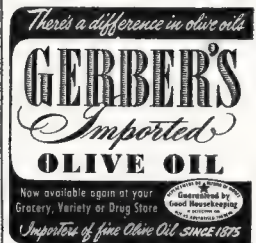
"Oh yes," she agreed. "I am always busy. I'll be busier when you're gone—learning to be like Great-Grandmother, you know—ready for you." The End

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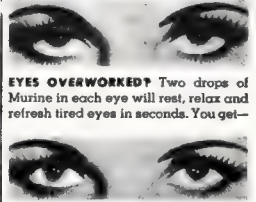


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# A Cook Is Born

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD



Mrs. March makes the meal's finishing touch

When Penny said, "Mother, this veal is almost all right," Florence Eldridge knew she had arrived . . .

IT WAS six years ago that those Broadway stars, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, bundled the children into the car — Penelope, eight; Buddy, seven — and were off for a week end at the farm in New Milford, Conn. No company, no cook, no maid, nobody — just the March foursome.

Mother planned it that way. Mrs. March had decided she would be cook over week ends and holidays to give the family more privacy, more of home atmosphere. Florence Eldridge had never boiled water but she knew how to plan menus and she could read, couldn't she? Tucked under arm was a very large book, "A Guide to Modern Cookery," by Auguste Escoffier.

## Even Eggs Were a Problem

MRS. MARCH did the shopping, buying two of everything, including a pair of chickens, picked but not drawn. Home in the kitchen she turned to her book to see what Escoffier might propose for the birds. Chicken à la Reine, perhaps? But such baffling directions. "Empty the pullet by means of a little hole on the side of the belly and remember to keep the skin of the neck whole." My goodness, she couldn't do that! And she hadn't thought of a truffle. Florence Eldridge flipped the pages along to eggs à la Bordelaise. Even cooking an egg seemed a tremendous trifle!

Mrs. March wasn't licked. She was more determined than before to master this business of getting a dinner. She began a study of the cookbooks written for beginners. Each week end she practiced a set of new dishes; the family stayed shy of the kitchen,

not to get Mother in one of her dithers.

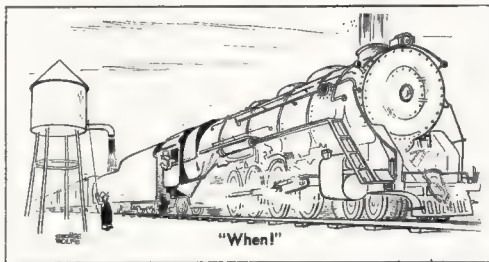
Then one day at luncheon, Penny said seriously, "Mother, this veal tastes almost all right." Mrs. March knew then she was getting somewhere. Today even her husband admits he prefers the "missus's" meals to those prepared by their cook. Mrs. March insists she is still a beginner. "Years Ago," the play starring the Marches, talked about food from beginning to end. "I was better in my part," Mrs. March says, "because I knew how to market, how to cook."

A dish Mr. March and the children like, and one of the first Mother learned how to handle, was this scallopini of veal. Her dessert delicious is red, ripe strawberries, sweetened with brown sugar, topped with cream cheese whipped to a fluff. Pass a jug of sour cream; it gives tang to the cheese.

## Scallopini of Veal

- 2 pounds veal steak, sliced paper-thin
- Salt and pepper
- Flour
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 cup broth
- 1½ cups tomato juice
- 2 teaspoons chopped fresh rosemary (or 1 teaspoon of dried)
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Season steaks, roll lightly in flour. Heat butter and olive oil in skillet and brown veal slowly on both sides. Remove meat. To fat, add garlic and onion. Cook slowly 10 minutes, add broth mixed with tomato juice, cook 10 minutes more. Add rosemary and half the parsley. Return meat to skillet, spoon over liquid, cover and simmer one hour, turning frequently. Add more broth as the sauce cooks down — just enough to cover meat nicely. Garnish with parsley. Yield: 4 portions.



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## FRESH CHERRY ICE CREAM



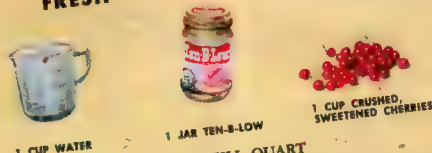
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## FRESH CHERRY ICE CREAM



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Spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into a bowl, add crushed, sweetened cherries\* and whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Return to freezing tray in refrigerator and freeze. That's all there is to it—nothing to add, but your favorite flavor and water. Get several jars of Ten-B-Low today!

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## LILY AND THE BLACKMAILER

Continued from page seven

Lily became aware that she was tense, her hands tightly clenched. "Relax," she advised herself, and opened them. On one palm lay a small china button and a short straight hair.

Why, I must have put up a fight, Lily thought, pleased. I don't remember pulling his hair. Though it might have been a stray hair that had dropped on his shoulder.

With a grimace of distaste, she dropped the objects in a wastebasket, locked her door, and scrubbed her hands vigorously.

Then she began to pace up and down. She must figure the thing out. The big man had evidently been there just outside her door, with his partner near by. He undoubtedly would have knocked if she hadn't saved him the trouble by opening the door herself.

She closed her eyes and tried to recall just how the man looked. He was big, with a large, squarish white face. His nose had a hump on it, as if it had been broken. She couldn't remember the color of his eyes, but his hair was very black. But — wait — there had been something odd about him; she'd noticed, as he stood by the breakfast table and a ray of sun slanted in on him, a curious stiffness about his face.

"MAKE-UP?" she hazarded. Then "Oh!" and a sharp, triumphant breath.

"I'll teach that big ape to try to blackmail me," she said fiercely and aloud. Gingerly she fished the button and the hair from the basket and sealed them in an envelope.

"Fingerprints," she muttered. There'd be the handle of the cup and the cream pitcher — but the toast plate would be best. There'd be a clear thumbprint on the side of the cover, and the fingers on the bottom of the china plate. Carefully she wrapped the unwieldy object in a napkin, and selecting her largest handbag, forced it in. Lily was on the warpath. She began to dress like a fireman. . .

When she reached the lobby, she found a crowd of irate room seekers three deep around the desk. Lily hesitated. She hadn't the faintest idea where one went to have fingerprints developed, but she'd supposed they could tell her at the desk.

The harassed, hysterical voice of one of the clerks pierced her consciousness: "I'm sorry, sir. But we haven't had one check-out today. Not one!"

The little breeze of a hunch blew upon Lily. Of course this might be just the clerk's stock excuse, but it could be literally true. It was still early.

And wouldn't the big ape have had to have a room in the hotel? She didn't believe he could get in, together with his partner and a camera, without being questioned. This was a strict hotel. And if there'd been no check-outs, then the ape might still be there.

Would he have dared to stay? Yes, Lily decided, he'd figure he was perfectly safe. And one didn't part with a hotel room lightly in these days. It was a long shot, but Lily decided to gamble on it.

Looking around, she selected a chair, inconspicuously crouched behind a drooping palm but commanding a view of elevators and desk, and began her vigil.

The hours seeped slowly by. The mob around the desk seemed always the same, though now and then one was chosen and borne aloft simpering. Another was always there to take his place. Occasionally luggage descended and was claimed by its outgoing

owner. But none remotely resembled the big ape.

Lily was faint with hunger, but didn't dare to leave her post even long enough for a cup of coffee.

At moments her resolution flagged. She would not, however, abandon a project once embarked upon. She sat on and on, her imagination feverishly depicting her course of action should she succeed in spotting her prey.

Between the hours of twelve and two, when everybody flocked into the dining rooms, Lily felt she had reached the bottom of the pit. At three, she decided she was so stiff she'd never be able to move again. She might have tried a short walk to ease her aching muscles,

Lily was faint with hunger, but didn't dare to leave her post



but if she did so, she'd risk losing her perch. So, when the big hands of the clock reached four-thirty, Lily gave up. After all, everything comes to an end, even the sternest resolution.

SHE should have reported the whole thing to the manager in the beginning, she thought wearily. Well, she couldn't report anything to anybody right now, until after she'd had a little time to pull herself together.

Stiffly she rose and entered an elevator. Dumbly she fished in her bag for the key outside the door of 1042. "Why in heaven's name do they keep a hotel lobby so hot?" she wondered, and tottered across the sill. There she froze, her eyes blinking.

"It can't be done even with mirrors," she cried wildly. "Even with mirrors I wouldn't wear a magenta dress!"

The woman seated by the window took this statement in her stride. She raised her head, and huge violet eyes regarded Lily.

At first look, the resemblance between them

was striking. At second, one saw the subtle differences. The woman's golden hair was not the pale, fresh, untouched gold of Lily's. The woman's face, though beautiful, was drawn by a hunter crayon than Lily's exquisitely chiseled features. And the woman's huge violet eyes held a hardness that did not lurk in Lily's gaze.

"WHAT are you doing in my room?" Lily demanded, when she had caught her breath.

"It isn't your room," the woman answered. "You've made a mistake. I always have 1042. Have to twent . . . It's a superstition," she added good-humoredly.

"But it is mine. See, I have the key. And where are all our things?"

"I don't know, hon. You'd better ask the manager."

"I'll ask him all right," said Lily grimly. Her temper was at the cracking point. She snatched up the phone and said heatedly. "This is room 1042. I want the manager up here immediately — but immediately."

She slammed down the receiver with a satisfying bang and looked around. The woman's possessions were all over the place. Lily's eye was caught by a vase of gorgeous red roses.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said the woman.

Lily nodded. A sad little pain tugged at her heart. Jason was always so thoughtful about sending her flowers. And this was the first business trip she'd ever come on with him. She wished he had thought to send her red roses. Red roses from a husband were so — sort of reassuring.

PRESENTLY came a tap at the door. Lily opened it prudently, having had her fill of that door. But this time it was the manager who stepped in, figuratively wringing his hands as he stepped. There had been a deplorable mix-up in the reservations — a new clerk — he had tried his best to contact Mr. or Mrs. Thorndyke and failed — he had never, but never, in his career taken such a liberty, and he regretted a thousand times that he'd been obliged to move them — though he'd given them two wonderful rooms overlooking the lake.

"You see," he concluded, and his voice dropped to a hushed reverence as he named a name well known in Hollywood circles, "Miss Clarice Farraday always has this room."

"That's right," Miss Farraday agreed. "Been stopping here for twenty . . ."

The manager turned to her, looked back at Lily and his jaw dropped. "We do look alike, don't we, hon?" Miss Farraday opined.

"Wait a minute," said Lily. She was busily adding two and two. "Were you supposed to be in this room this morning?"

"I was due last night. My plane was held up."

"Then it was you — not me — that big ape was after. Is there anybody," Lily inquired politely, "who might want to blackmail you?"

The woman laughed. "Is there anybody who wouldn't, you mean?"

"Are you married?" Lily persisted.

The woman gave a gusty sigh. "Sure," she

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said. "Worse luck. Say, what is this?" Lily said, "I've got something to explain to you both."

The manager had left the door ajar. Lily, with a conspiratorial air, went to close it. Sauntering down the corridor came a big man, his hat in hand. The overhead light drew gleams from his sleek red hair.

Lily stared at him with all her power of concentration. Then she plunged. She had to be right! If she weren't—don't think about it!

She darted out, seized the man by the arm, whirled him around and pushed him inside before he knew what was happening. Once again the fatal door was closed, and this time Lily, prudently, turned the key.

"It's the blackmailer!" she announced triumphantly. "Only he wore a black wig and had a false hump on his nose. I saw that stiff, pasted-looking line when the sun hit it. And then, of course, I found the red hair."

She paused for breath. "Only you got the wrong woman, my lad," she cried with pardonable relish. "That's the one you were after—over there!"

The big man turned, and for an instant a startled look crossed his face. It was not very obvious, but obvious enough for the manager to observe it. "Suppose you tell us the whole story, Madame," he said to Lily. "Perhaps a bit more—er—coherently."

Lily was coherent. At the end, the big man began to bluster.

"But I have proof," said Lily eagerly. She searched her handbag, extracted an envelope and handed it to the manager.

"There's the button from his pajamas, and there's the red hair. I found them in my hand when I came to, as I just told you."

The man laughed. It was not an amusing sound. "This dame's dopey," he said. "I never even saw her before. As for those things"—he indicated the hair and the button—"they ain't evidence. She could of got them anywhere. And why, if I'd done what she claims, would I be sticking around here? Brother, I'd be miles away by this time."

"You thought you were safe," Lily interposed. "You thought I wouldn't recognize you without your disguise."

The manager looked doubtful. False arrest was just not a hotel manager's favorite dish.

"Oh, but I have other proof!" Lily tugged the bag open and flourished the plate of buttered toast. "Fingerprints!" she cried. "That's the plate I told you about!"

This time the big man did not laugh. He moved swiftly toward the door.

But the manager was too quick for him. And, astonishingly, the indolent-looking

Miss Farraday was across the room and had grabbed him by a wrist. She twisted it viciously.

"Did a neat little job for my husband, didn't you?" she jibed.

Lily tapped happily across to the phone and rang for a house detective.

IN MINUTES, the manager had expressed a million regrets, promised to get the incriminating film and give it to Lily, swore to prosecute to the utmost, and was gone with his prisoner.

"Wait 'til H.T. hears about this," said Miss Farraday gloatingly. "That's my husband," she explained, "the dirty swine!"

Lily felt weak with relief. She had not doubted that that big ape, once he discovered his mistake, would try to put the picture to some use. And even if he hadn't, the mere thought of a picture of herself like that in anyone's possession was unendurable.

She picked up her handbag. All the weariness she had sloughed off during the excitement returned with interest. "I'll be running along," she said lamely and inaccurately.

"Look, hon," said Miss Farraday generously. "You take these. You've been looking at them ever since you came in." She pressed the vase of roses into Lily's hands. "No—no—" Lily protested.

"Glad for you to have them. Anyway, I've got the notion they're bad for my sinuses," Miss Farraday added graciously.

Lily didn't want to get on the elevator with a large vase of roses grasped in her hands. But she was too tired to protest further. She wanted food—tons of food and double-dry Martinis.

IT WAS after eleven when Jason returned. "How is your cold?" he asked, as he kissed her fondly.

"Oh!" Lily had quite forgot the cold.

"I can see you've had a good quiet day. You look rested." Jason turned and glanced at the roses. "Flowers all right?" he asked in an offhand way.

Lily had been semi-recumbent in a large overstuffed chair, her little feet propped on a hassock. She sat bolt upright. "D'ye mean you sent me those roses?" she exclaimed.

"Well, who else would be sending my girl red roses, I'd like to know?" Jason responded.

Lily choked. That woman! Giving her her own roses with a grand air! And after all she, Lily, had done to trap the woman's own blackmailer!

Then a second thought, hard on the heels of the first, smote her—a warm, lovely thought. Jason had sent her red roses.

"Darling," she cried, "it's simply heavenly to be with you in Chicago!" The End

Sit down and breeze through the ironing with a THOR Gladiron!

Shirts 4½ Minutes



Sheets 2 Minutes



Tablecloths 1 Minute



Slacks 2 Minutes



#### HANDIEST HELPER!

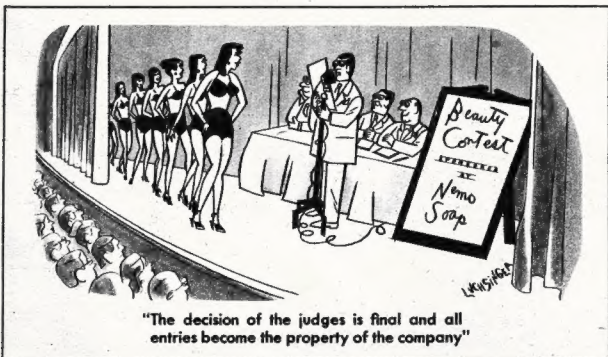
A full-size ironer made to do a full-size job, yet the Gladiron is so compact it folds to closet size (stores in 1½ square feet of space), wheels easily to the coolest... or sunniest... spot for ironing.



Sit down and iron with a Gladiron and "mountains of clothes" won't faze you. You'll just give the orders (touching a single control with your knee) while the Gladiron does the work. Instead of standing up and pressing down, you'll merely guide clothes through the Gladiron. Even hard-to-iron shirts are easy with the Gladiron's special sleeve-size roll. Ask your Thor dealer to show you the exclusive One-Minute Shirt Demonstration. You'll see why Gladironing is glad ironing!

#### HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION

Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago 30, Illinois  
Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada  
Plants in Chicago, Ill.; Bloomington, Ill.; El Monte, Calif.; Toronto, Canada; London, England







Sparkling hair  
that thrills men!

Your hair can be your most intriguing charm—when you know this special secret of shining *natural* hair beauty. For whether your hair is honey blonde or raven

black, sunny brown or fiery red—whether it's straight or curly—it's your natural hair *appeal* that wins the eyes of men. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo is the winning secret of True

Hair Loveliness! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up luxurious lather like magic in hard

or soft water—sweeps dullness away—and in its place leaves hair heavenly soft, shining, delightfully obedient. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers your hair a stunning new sheen and finish. Let *your* hair be your most intriguing charm. Discover what true hair loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



The  
cream shampoo  
for true hair  
loveliness.

Four Ounces, \$1.00;  
Family 1 lb., \$3.50;  
also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



# FELLOW TRAVELERS

Drawings by Lea Carel



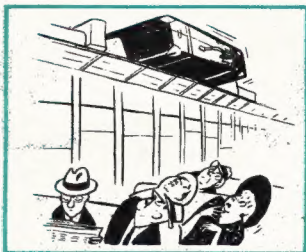
Did you have to pick this seat?



Free riders aren't entitled to seats



Floor show



Whose bag is that, anyway?



I'm a very busy man



LEA CAREL

Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry ...

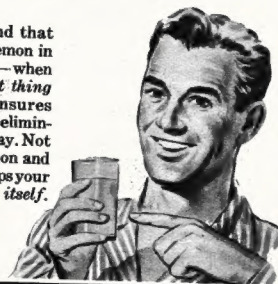
## No harsh laxatives for me



If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to harsh laxatives—which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!

## Lemon and Water keeps you regular

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily first thing on arising—insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system regulate itself.



## —and it's healthful!



It aids digestion—supplies vitamins—and alkalizes too.

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C; and they also supply valuable amounts of B<sub>1</sub> and P. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

### KEEP REGULAR THIS HEALTHFUL WAY!

Lemon and water helps the system function normally. It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—first thing on arising.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING



California Sunkist Lemons

**LEMON and WATER**

—first thing on arising



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